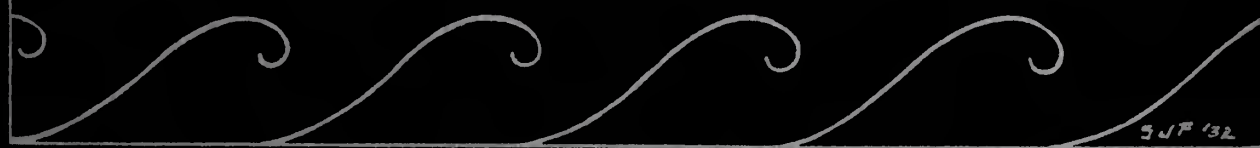


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B A S T A N I E N S I S

— FORSAN ET HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE IUVABIT;
DURATE, ET VOSMET REBUS SERVATE SECUNDIS.



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SCHOLÆ LATINÆ BOSTONIENSIS, MCMXXX



1921 - Boston Public Latin School - 1932



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Masters of Class I



OFFICERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS

Seated—Leo F. Glynn, Vice-President; James H. McInerney, President; Paul H. Segool, Secretary-Treasurer.

Standing—(The Class Committee): John J. Maloney, Robert P. Steptoe (Chairman),
Robert R. Shapiro, Gerard F. Burke.

The officers in the photograph printed above were elected in the early part of the academic year by the Senior Class. During the entire year they administered the affairs of their offices with a wisdom and sagacity which quite belied their years, so that never even for a moment was there the slightest cause for grumbling or for regretting the outcome of the election.

The pages next following contain pictures and a summary of the student activities of the members of the Senior Class. Some few are missing and we wish that they too were included, but even though absent they are present still; we shall never forget the many pleasant hours that we spent with them.

The Graduating Class of 1932 has been honored far above its merits, for Mr. Thomas Patrick Campbell, Superintendent of Public Schools, to whom this book is affectionately dedicated; Mr. Henry Pennypacker, Chairman of the Committee on Admissions at Harvard University; and Mr. Joseph L. Powers, Headmaster, have most kindly consented to become honorary members of the Class of '32. For the first time since the founding of the school, there are three living headmasters of the Boston Latin School, and they have all become members of the Class of '32. We appreciate most sincerely the honor that is thus bestowed on us and we thank them most heartily for it.

MANUEL ALTER

"Manny" Harvard

"I take all knowledge to be my province."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Phillips Brooks School; Classical Prize, 1927-29-31; Approbation Prize, 1929; Modern Prize, 1928; Literary Club, 1932; Baseball, 1932; Chess and Checker Club, 1931; Swimming Team, 1931-32; Picture Committee; Captain, 5th Company, 2nd Regiment.

**NATHANIEL ALTMAN**

"Nate" Harvard

"Here comes my ponderous lord."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Fidelity Prize, 1929; Modern Prize, 1931-32; Dramatic Club, 1932; Literary Club, 1932.

**ALLAN ARONSON**

"Jim" Harvard

"Faith, I can cut a caper."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Phillips Brooks School; Modern Prize, 1929; Literary Club, 1931-32; Debating Club, 1929-30; Track, 1928; French Club, 1930-31; Captain on Staff.

**ALEXANDER JAY BAKER**

"Al" Univ. of New Hampshire

"Rest is the sweet sance of labour."

Entered Class II, 1930, from the Roxbury Memorial High School; 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Company, 2nd Regiment.

**BRONISLAW BALCHAUSKAS**

"Balchy" Northeastern

"What's in a name?"

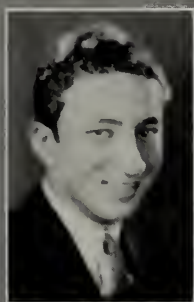
Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Thomas N. Hart School; 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Company, 1st Regiment.

**HAROLD BANKS**

"Wildcat" Harvard

"Delirious—and all that learning."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Classical Prize, 1928-29, 1929-30; Approbation Prize, 1929; Fidelity Prize, 1931; Junior Debating Club, 1929; Junior Debating Club, 1929; Senior Debating Society, 1929-30-31-32; Secretary Senior Debating Society, 1932; Radio Club, 1930; Stamp Club, 1930-31; Chess and Checker Club, 1928-29-30-31-32; Math. Club, 1932; Literary Club, 1929-30-31-32; Vice-President, Literary Club, 1932; Co-Author, Class Will; Assistant Business Manager, Register, 1931; Advertising Manager, Register, 1932; Advertising Manager, Year Book Staff, 1932; 1st Lieutenant, 6th Company, 3rd Regiment.

**JOHN ALFRED BARTOL**

"Johnny" M. I. T.

"Wherefore should I fast?"

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Sherwin School; Stamp Club, 1926-27; Math. Club, 1931-32; 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Company, 2nd Regiment.

**AARON ALFRED BASEN**

"Al" M. I. T.

"What a spendthrift he is of his tongue!"

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Christopher Gibson School.



FRANK A. BAUTZE

"Frank" Harvard

"I let fall the windows of mine eyes."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Dudley School; Modern Prize, 1927-28; Football, 1931; Track, 1932; Baseball, 1931-32; Chess and Checker Club, 1930; Literary Club, 1930-31-32; Swimming, 1929-30.

**THOMAS H. BILODEAU**

"O'Deau" Harvard

"Nay, her foot speaks."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Emily A. Fifield School; Baseball, 1929-30-31-32; Football, 1930-31-32; Hockey, 1931-32; Chairman, Student Health Commission, 1931; Chairman, Dance Committee; Warren Eastman Robinson Prize, 1930; Lt. Col., 3rd Regiment.

**MYRON BERNARD BENSON**

"Bernie" Harvard

"Play skillfully, with a loud noise."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the Frank V. Thompson School; Fidelity Prize, 1930; Orchestra, 1929-30-31; Stamp Club, 1930; 1st Lieutenant, 9th Company, 2nd Regiment.

**ARTHUR BINDER**

"Arty" Tufts

"One cannot know everything."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the Frank V. Thompson School; Orchestra, 1930-31; 2nd Lieutenant, 12th Company, 2nd Regiment.

**SAMUEL HAROLD BERKOWITZ**

"Berk" Harvard

"It was his nature to blossom into song."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Christopher Gibson School; Chess and Checker Club, 1931-32.

**PAUL FRANCIS BRABAZON**

"Scarface" Holy Cross

"I'll catch it ere it come to ground."

Entered Class VI, 1925, from St. Margaret's School; Track, 1926-27-28-31-32; Football, 1931-32; Baseball, 1931-32; Drum Corps, 1926-27-28-29; Warren Eastman Robinson Prize, 1929.

**FRANK R. BERMAN**

"Ray" M.I. T.

"What now if the sky were to fall."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the Lewis Intermediate School; Radio Club, 1930; Stamp Club, 1930; Senior Debating Club, 1930; Chess and Checker Club, 1928-29-30-31-32; Math. Club, 1930; Major, 3rd Battalion, 1st Regiment.

**PAUL M. BRESNAHAN**

"Bres" Boston College

"More matter for a May morning."

Entered Class IV, 1927, from the Mission Church School; Track, 1929-31-32; Swimming, 1928-29.



RICHARD U. BRYANT

"Dick" M. I. T.

"A prince of good fellows."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Andrew Jackson School; Classical Prize, 1927; Modern Prize, 1928-29; Approbation Prize, 1929; Math. Club, 1932.

**PAUL J. CAVANAGH**

"Cav" Boston College

"Thy voice is sweet as if it took its music from thy face."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the St. Gregory's School; Fidelity Prize, 1929; 2nd Lieutenant on Staff.

**DAVID MERRITT BUCK**

"D. Merritt" Cornell

"The more we study, the more we discover our ignorance."

Entered Class VI, 1925, from the E. P. Tileston School.

**JOHN FRANCIS CHENEY**

"Whiffle" M. I. T.

"Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the Agassiz School; Drum Corps, 1928-29; Band, 1929-30-31-32.

**GERARD FRANCIS BURKE**

"Jerry" Boston College

"The eye of Paul Pry often finds more than he wished to find."

Entered Class IV B, 1927, from the Our Lady of Lourdes School; Track, 1931-32; Class Committee; Chairman, Class Day Committee.

**JOSEPH ANTHONY CLARKE**

"Joe" Harvard

"A small, still voice."

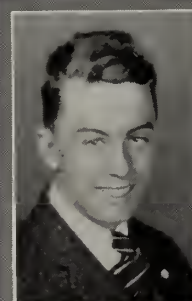
Entered Class IV, 1927, from the Theodore Roosevelt School; Radio Club, 1929-30; French Club, 1927-28; Secretary - Treasurer, Radio Club, 1930.

**JOHN A. BURKE**

"Big Jack" Boston College

"A little nonsense now and then Is relished by the best of men."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Elihu Greenwood School; Junior Debating Club, 1927-28-29; Football, 1929; French Club, 1928; Library Service Club, 1926-27; Hockey, 1932; Captain, 12th Company, 2nd Regiment.

**CHARLES RICHARD COCHRAN**

"Dick" Harvard

"The game is up!"

Entered Class IV, 1927, from the Christopher Gibson School; Class Day Committee; Captain, 6th Company, 3rd Regiment.



THOMAS FRANCIS COLLINS, Jr.

"Tom" Harvard
"A double blessing is a double grace."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the Martin School; Fidelity Prize, 1928; Baseball, 1931-32; Literary Club, 1931-32; 2nd Lieutenant, 10th Company, 2nd Regiment.



LEO FRANCIS CURLEY

"Leo" Boston College
"Give a man a horse he can ride."

Entered Class VI from St. Andrew's School, 1926; Football, 1930-31-32; Debating Club, 1932; Literary Club, 1930-31; Prize Declamation, 1926, 1928; Captain, 10th Company, 3rd Regiment.

PAUL FRANCIS CONNOLLY

"Con" "One Eye" Harvard
"The die is cast."

Entered Class IV B, 1927, from the Agassiz School; Baseball, 1930-31-32.



JOHN THOMAS DALEY

"Jack" Harvard
"O tempora! O mores!"

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the Cheverus School; Approbation Prize, 1928-29; Class of 1885 Prize, 1928-29; Classical Prize, 1929-30; Fidelity Prize, 1930-31; Special Prize in Reading, 1929-30; Literary, 1930-32; Glee Club, 1928-30; Captain, 3rd Company, 3rd Regiment.

LEO EARLE COOPER

"Lee" Harvard
"What a man."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from Washington Irving School; Fidelity Prize, 1930; Junior Debating Team, 1928-29; Orchestra, 1928-29-30-31-32; Drum Corps, 1929-30-31-32; Drum Major, 1931-32; Vice-President, Orchestra, 1931-32.



RALPH DAVIS

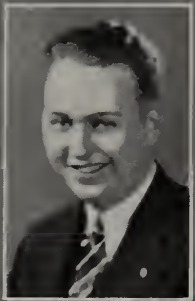
"Raoul" Harvard
"Rise! sleep no more."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from Frank V. Thompson; Chess and Checker Club, 1931-32.

CLARENCE GEORGE CORBIN

"Clarry" Harvard
"But here I am to speak what I do know."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the Sherwin School; 1st Lieutenant, 1st Company, 1st Regiment.



LOUIS JOSEPH DELAHOYDE, Jr.

"Louie" Boston College

Entered Class VI from the John Winthrop School, 1926; Hockey Manager, 1931-32; Glee Club, 1926-27-28-29; Library Club, 1926-27-28-29; Drum Corps, 1927-28-29-30-31-32; 2nd Lieutenant, 1931-32; Fidelity Prize, 1927.

JAMES DANIEL DOHERTY

"Jim" Harvard

"General, did you see?"

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from St. Columbkille School; Drum Corps, 1928-29-30-31-32; Junior Debating Club, 1928-29; Dramatic Club, 1931-32; Baseball, 1930-31-32; Fidelity Prize, 1929-30; 1st Lieutenant, Drum Corps.

**JOHN LAWRENCE DREW**

"Jack" M. I. T.

"Blessed are they with nothing to say."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the Prince School; Fidelity Prize, 1929; Modern Prize, 1931; Orchestra, 1928-29, 1929-30; 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Company, 1st Regiment.

**LEONARD N. DONSANTO**

"Don" "Turk" U. of Penn.

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the Winship School; Track, 1930-31-32; Band, 1928-29-30-31; 1st Prize Saxophone Competition, 1929-30; Orchestra, 1928-29; Boston School Symphony Band, 1929-30-31; Classical Prize, 1930-31.

**SIDNEY DUNN, Jr.**

"Torchy" Boston College

"I could play the woman with mine eyes."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from Harry L. Pierce School; Football, 1930-31-32; Track, 1931-32; Baseball, 1932; Junior Debating Club, 1928; Picture Committee, 1932; Golf, 1932.

**THOMAS HENRY DOWD, Jr.**

"Tom" Harvard

"The scarlet hue of modesty."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the John D. Runkle School; Class of 1885 Prize, 1928-29; Modern Prize, 1928-29-30; Fidelity Prize, 1930-31; Dramatic Club, 1929-30, 1931-32; Swimming Team, 1930-31-32; Manager of Swimming Team, 1931-32; Stage Manager of Dramatic Club, 1929; Business Manager, 1930; Vice-President, 1929-30, 1931-32; Dramatic Medal, 1930; Major, 2nd Battalion, 3rd Regiment.

**ALFRED FREEMAN FALK**

"Bib" Harvard

"The race is run."

Entered Class VI from the Champlain School, 1926; Drum Corps, 1927-28-29-30; Band, 1930-31; Dramatic Club, 1930-31-32; Track, 1928-29-30-31-32; Manager of Track, 1931-32.

**HERBERT FANGER**

"Herby" Harvard

"For I have learned to look on nature."

Entered Class III B, 1929, from the Theodore Roosevelt School; Approximation Prize, 1929.

**FRANCIS XAVIER DOYLE**

"Frank" Harvard

"Why tell you me of moderation?"

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the Cheverus School; Fidelity Prize, 1928-29.

NORMAN A. FERGUSON

"Fergie" Dartmouth
"And Father Time runs far behind."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from Story Grammar School, Marblehead; Track, 1929-30-31-32; Colonel, 1st Regiment.



STUART FINER

"Stutz" Harvard
"Hitting all eight."

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from the Edward Devotion School; Track, 1930-31-32; Baseball, 1932; Football, 1931-32; 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Company, 2nd Regiment.



JOSEPH L. FITZGERALD

"Fitzy" Boston College
"To public dances and the midnight show."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the St. Columbkille's School; Dramatic Club, 1927-28-29; Literary Club, 1930-31-32; 1st Lieutenant, 9th Company, 3rd Regiment.



JOHN WILLIAM FLAVIN

"Jack" Harvard
"Fortem facit vicina libertas senem."

Entered Class VI from the Rochambeau School, 1926. Modern and Approbation Prizes, 1927; Fidelity Prize, 1930. 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Company, 1st Regiment.



JAMES AMBROSE FOLEY

"Jim" Harvard
*"And ever against eating cares
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs."*

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from St. Clement's School; Orchestra, 1928-29-30-31-32; Band, 1928; Chess and Checker Club, 1929-30-31-32; Glee Club, 1930-31; Debating Club, 1931-32; Literary Club, 1930-31-32; Radio Club, 1929-30; Math. Club, 1931-32; Year Book Staff; Stamp Club, 1931-32; President, Orchestra, 1931-32; Vice-President Chess and Checker Club, 1932; Modern Prize, 1930-31; Golf, 1932.



WESLEY FORAN

"Wes" Holy Cross
"Dux femina facti—"

Entered Class VI from the E. P. Tileston School; Radio Club, 1927-28; French Club, 1927-28; Literary Club, 1928-29; Football, 1928-29-30; Baseball, 1929; Hockey, 1929-30; Swimming, 1927-28.



ALBERT DOUGLAS FOSTER, Jr.

"Barnacle Bill" Harvard
*"Oh, I am a cook, and the captain bold,
 And the mate of the Nancy brig."*

Entered Class IV B, 1928, from Blair Junior High School, Norfolk, Virginia; Radio Club, 1929-30; Drum Corps, 1928-29-30-31-32; 2nd Prize Bugle Competition, 1929; 2nd Prize Bugle Competition, 1931; Captain, Drum Corps, 1931-32.



MELVIN HERBERT FRANK

"Mel" Brown
"I often regret that I have spoken."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the William Lloyd Garrison School; Modern Prize, 1929; Track, 1930-31; Football, 1930; 1st Lieutenant, 11th Company, 2nd Regiment; Captain, 11th Company, 2nd Regiment.



SIDNEY JOSEPH FREEDBERG

"Syd" Harvard
"Aw Nerfs."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Classical Prize, 1928-29-30; Junior Debating Club, 1928-29; Junior Debating Team, 1928-29; Senior Debating Club, 1929-'30-'31-'32; President, Senior Debating Club, 1931-32; Senior Debating Team, 1929-30-31-32; Captain, 1931-32; French Club, 1929-30; Chess and Checker Club, 1929-30-31-32; Math. Club, 1931-32; Literary Club, 1930-31-32; President, 1931-32; Second Prize, Debating, 1930; First Prize, Reading, 1931; First Prize, Declamation, 1931; Art Editor, Register, 1930-31-32; Assistant Business Manager, Register 1930-'31; Business Manager, Register, 1931-'32; Art Editor; Business Manager, Year Book Staff; Co-Author, Class Will; Lieutenant Colonel, Second Regiment.

DOMINIC R. FRENI

"Dom" Harvard
"So sad, so tender."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Washington Irving School; Latin School Band 1929-'30-'31-'32; Orchestra, 1927-'28-'29-'30; School Symphony Orchestra, 1925-'26-'27-'28-'29; School Symphony Band, 1929-'30-'31-'32; Vice-President School Symphony Band, 1931-'32; Captain, Latin School Band, 1931-'32; Second Clarinet Prize Band Competition, 1930; First Clarinet Prize, Band Competition, 1931-'32.

PAUL FRYER

"Polly" Harvard
*"To all, to each, a fair good night
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers
 light."*

Entered Class VI, 1926, from Lowell School; Second Lieutenant, Ninth Company, First Regiment.

DAVID FURMAN

"Dave" Harvard
"Virtue is her own reward."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Sarah Greenwood School; Glee Club, 1928-29-'30; Literary Club, 1930-'31.

**THOMAS GUY GARDNER**

"T. Guy" Boston College

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Bennett School; Literary Club, 1930-'31-'32; Banquet Committee, Second Lieutenant, Ninth Company, Third Regiment.

WILLIAM CHADWICK GARNER

"Bill" M. I. T.
"We grant, although he had much wit,

He was very shy of using it."

Entered Class IV-B from Belmont High School, 1928; Mathematics Club, 1932.

SAMUEL MELVIN GARTE

"Sam" Harvard
"Italian fato profugus—"

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Sarah Greenwood School; Classical Prize, 1927; Chess and Checker Club, 1931-'32; Treasurer, Chess and Checker Club, 1931-'32; Member Chess Team, 1931-'32; Second Lieutenant, Eleventh Company, Second Regiment.

ARTHUR JOSEPH GARTLAND

"Garty" Harvard
"He makes a solitude, and calls it peace."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the John Marshall School; Modern Prize, 1927; Ring Committee, 1932; Literary Club, 1930-'31-'32.

PAUL FRANCIS GILLESPIE

"Gill"

"Ob, that I had wings like a dove!"

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Cheverus School; Literary Club, 1931-'32; French Club, 1929-'30; First Lieutenant, Seventh Company, Third Regiment.

**MORRIS GILLMAN**

"Morry"

Harvard

"I came, saw, and overcame."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the E. P. Tyleston School; Swimming Team, 1929-'30-'31-'32; Literary Club, 1931-'32.

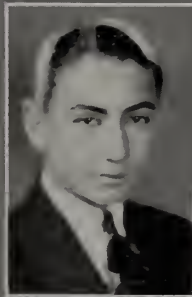
**STANLEY HAROLD GINSBERG**

"Nick"

Harvard

"If you can't be clever, don't be discouraged—you can still be fresh."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Henry L. Pierce School; Debating Club, 1931-'32; Literary Club, 1929-'30-'31; First Lieutenant, First Company, Second Regiment.

**LEO FRANCIS GLYNN**

"Speed"

Dartmouth

"You should never hurry, unless you are in haste."

Entered Class VI, 1925, from the Saint Thomas School; Hockey, 1928-'29-'30-'31-'32; Captain Hockey Team 1932; Football, 1929-'30-'31; Baseball, 1930-'31-'32; Golf Team, 1931-'32; Literary Club, 1931-'32; Class Day Committee; Dance Committee; Chairman, Ring Committee; Vice-President Graduating Class.

**IRVING I. GOODOF**

"Quintus"

Harvard

"If the trumpet give an uncertain sound."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Henry L. Pierce School; Modern Prize, 1929; Classical Prize, 1930; Math. Club, 1931-'32; Orchestra, 1928-'29-'30-'31-'32; Band, 1930-'31; First Saxophone Prize, Band Competition; Second Lieutenant, Band.

**BERNARD BENJAMIN GORDON**

"Bernie"

M. I. T.

"The bane of my master's existence."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Andrew Jackson School; Drum Corps, 1927-'28; Radio Club, 1929-'30; Math. Club, 1931-'32; Literary Club, 1929-'30-'31.

**GEORGE GREEN**

"Gig"

Tufts

"It is the contest that delights us and not the victory."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Charles Logue School; French Club, 1928-'29-'30; Stamp Club, 1928-'29-'30; Orchestra, 1926-'27-'28; First Lieutenant, Fifth Company, First Regiment.

**IRVING GREENBLATT**

"Irv"

Harvard

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Pauline A. Shaw School; Fidelity Prize, 1930-'31; Literary Club, 1929-'30-'31; Chess and Checker Club, 1930-'31-'32; Tennis, 1930-'31-'32; Captain, Eleventh Company, Second Regiment.



HOWARD PICKERING HALL

"Hira" Harvard

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Emily A. Fifield School; Classical Prize, 1928-'29-'31; Modern Prize, 1927; Baseball, 1932; Literary Club, 1930-'31-'32; First Lieutenant, Third Company, Third Regiment; Class Day Committee, 1931-'32; Year Book Staff, 1932.

**MAX HERSHMAN**

"Mac" Harvard

"A little harmony is all I need."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Latin School Band, 1931-'32; Stamp Club, 1930; Tennis, 1929-'30-'31; Football, 1930-'31; Second Lieutenant, Latin School Band.

LEE HARRIS

"Barook" Yale

"For my voice, I have lost it with bollerling."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Prince School; Glee Club, 1926-'27-'28-'29; Junior Debating Club, 1926-'27-'28; Vice-President, Junior Debating Club, 1928; Literary Club, 1930-'31-'32; Tennis, 1929-'30; Swimming, 1928-'29-'30; Manager Baseball Team, 1931 and 1932; Manager of Football Team, 1931-'32; Sports Editor, Register, 1931-'32; Sports Editor, Year Book Staff; Class Orator; Co-Author, Class Declaration; Captain, Third Company, Third Regiment; Major, First Battalion, Third Regiment.

**SIDNEY DAVID HOFFMAN**

"Sid" Harvard

"Music bath charm to soothe the savage beast."

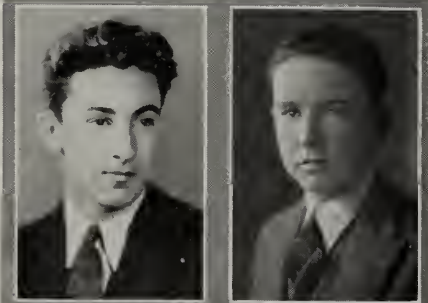
Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Robert Treat Paine School; Fidelity Prize, 1928; Literary Club, 1931; Orchestra, 1927; Junior Debating Club, 1928; Boston School Symphony, 1929; Class Musician; First Lieutenant, Seventh Company, First Regiment.

MILTON HAUSMAN

"Sonny" Harvard

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

Entered Class II, 1930, from the English High School; Literary Club, 1930-'31-'32; Track, 1930-'31; Football, 1930-'31; First Lieutenant, Third Company, Second Regiment.

**RAYMOND P. HOGAN**

"Ray" Boston College

"It is later than you think."

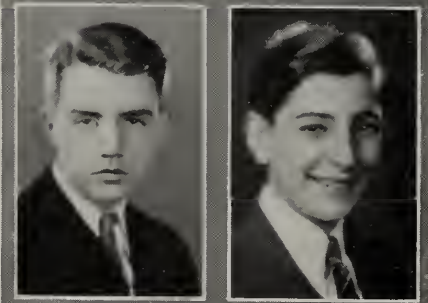
Entered Class VI, from the Martin School; Swimming Team, 1928-'29-'30; Manual of Arms Prize, 1930; Captain, Eleventh Company, Third Regiment.

JOHN FRANCIS HEALY

"Jack" M. I. T.

"Silent in seven languages."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Edward Everett School; Fidelity Prize, 1929-'30; Math. Club, 1931-'32; Second Lieutenant, Ninth Company, Third Regiment.

**LOUIS HOMONOFF**

"Lou" Harvard

"For I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Eliot School; Tennis Team, 1928; Glee Club, 1928; Captain, Second Company, First Regiment.

CHRISTOPHER E. HONDRU

"Criss"

Harvard

"For my part, getting up seems not so easy."

Entered Class IV-B from Martin School, 1928; High School Symphony Band, 1929-'32; First Prize, Trumpet Competition, 1930-'31; Track, 1929-'30; Football, 1930-'31; Band, 1929-'32; Second Lieutenant, Band.

**SAUNDERS ELIOT JACOBSTEIN**

"Jake"

Harvard

"Blessed be he that invented sleep."

Entered Class VI from Roger Wolcott, 1926; Classical Prize, 1927-'30; Mathematics Club, 1932; Corresponding Secretary, Chess and Checker Club, 1932; Chess Team; Checker Team, 1932; Literary Club, 1930-'32; 2nd Lieutenant on Staff.

MELVIN LAWRENCE HORNE

"Mel"

Harvard

"The fashion wears no more apparel than the man."

Entered Class IV-B from Phillips Brooks School, 1928; Band, 1928-'32; Orchestra, 1929-'30; Symphony Band, 1931.

**WILLIAM ALOYSIUS JOHNSON**

"Mary"

Boston College

*"How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!"*

Entered Class IV B from St. Peter's School, 1927; Track, 1928-'32.

JOHN ANDREW HOYE

"Johnny"

Harvard

"The sex is ever to a soldier kind."

Entered Class VI from Longfellow School, 1926; Football, 1929-'32; Baseball, 1929-'32; Baseball, 1930-'32; Track, 1930-'32; Colonel, 3rd Regiment.

**EDWARD SAMUEL JOSEPHSON**

"Joe"

Harvard

"He needs no questioning before he speaks."

Entered Class VI from Lewis School, 1926; Captain, 1st Company, 2nd Regiment.

WILFRED KAPLAN

"Willy"

Harvard

"He meant well, but what did he mean?"

Entered Class VI from Sarah Greenwood School, 1926; Classical Prize, 1926-'28; Modern Prize, 1928-'32; Approbation Prize, 1926-'32; Vice-President, Junior Debating Club, 1928-'29; Orchestra, 1927-'29; 2nd Prize Reading, 1928; Junior Debating Medal, 1929; Executive Committee, Literary Club, 1931; President, Mathematics Club, 1932; Editor-in-Chief, "Register", 1932; Editor, Year Book Staff, 1932; Co-Author, Class Song; 2nd Lieutenant, 11th Company, 1st Regiment.

EDWARD DANIEL HURLEY

"Ed"

Harvard

"Where will I get a caddie?"

Entered Class VI, 1926, from St. Dominick's Academy; Literary Club, 1930-'31-'32; Secretary-Treasurer, 1931-'32; Radio Club, 1929; Debating Club, 1929; Chess and Checker Club, 1930-'31-'32; French Club, 1929-'30; Banquet Committee, 1932; Major, 1st Battalion, 2nd Regiment.



ALLEN MAX KAUFMAN

"Mac" New Hampshire
"Silence never betrays you."

Entered Class VI from Bigelow School, 1926; Orchestra, 1927-'30; Track, 1931; Swimming, 1932; 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Company, 1st Regiment.

**MAURICE JOSEPH KELLER**

"Mo" Yale
"The ripest fruit first falls."

Entered Class V from Morey School, 1927; John K. Richardson Prize, 1929; Track, 1930-'32; French Club, 1931; Literary Club, 1931; Captain, 5th Company, 3rd Regiment.

**FERDINAND FRANCIS KELLEY**

"Ferdie" Georgetown
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merits."

Entered Class IV B from Our Lady of Lourdes School, 1926; Hockey, 1929.

**WILLIAM EDMUND KENNEY**

"Bill" Harvard
"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain."

Entered Class III from Winship School, 1929; 1st Lieutenant, 7th Company, 2nd Regiment.

**ROBERT HARRY KLAMAN**

"Bob"
"The sleep of a labouring man is sweet."

Entered Class III B from Oliver Wendell Holmes School, 1929; Debating Club, 1930; Fidelity Prize; 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Company, 2nd Regiment.

**LESTER JEROME KOHN**

"Gigolo" Yale
"Silence gives consent."

Entered Class VI from William Lloyd Garrison School, 1926; Modern Prize, 1929; Classical Prize, 1931; Fidelity Prize, 1930; Appropriation, 1930-'31; Literary Club, 1930-'32; Swimming, 1932; Chess and Checker Club, 1927; French Club, 1929.

**MARSHALL B. KREIDBERG**

"Bradic" Harvard
*"Man delights not me;
 No, nor woman neither."*

Entered Class IV B from Grover Cleveland School, 1928; Baseball, 1930; Track, 1932; French Club, 1931; Literary Club, 1931; Class Day Committee; Captain, 7th Company, 2nd Regiment.

**ABRAHAM DAVID KUTZER**

"Al" Massachusetts State
*"His wit invites you by his looks
 to come;
 But when you come, it is never at home."*

Entered Class IV B from Oliver Wendell Holmes School, 1928; Baseball, 1928; 1st Lieutenant, 3rd Company, 2nd Regiment.



RUSSELL FRANCIS LANDRIGAN

"Russ" Tufts
"Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

Entered Class IV B from John Cheverus School, 1927; Mathematics Club, 1932; Track, 1927-30; 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Company, 1st Regiment.



SEYMOUR BERTRAM LEVIN

"Sey" Harvard
"The lion is not so fierce as painted."

Entered Class IV B from Theodore Roosevelt School, 1928; Debating Club, 1928; 1st Lieutenant, 4th Company; 3rd Regiment.



JOHN JOSEPH LARKIN

"Red" Cornell
"Virtue is like a rich stone—best plain set."

Entered Class IV B from Cheverus School, 1928; Baseball, 1930; Football, 1929-31; French Club, 1931; Mathematics Club, 1932.



NEWTON ALEXANDER LEVINE

"Newt" Harvard
"Cogito; ergo, sum."

Entered Class VI from William Lloyd Garrison School, 1926; Classical Prize, 1928-1930; Modern Prize, 1929-1931; Approbation Prize, 1928-1929-1931; Track, 1929-30; Mathematics Club, 1932; Circulation Manager, "Register", 1932; Year Book Staff, 1932; 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Company, 3rd Regiment.



MARTIN LAX

"Marty" Harvard
"What can't be cured must be endured."

Entered Class IV B from Christopher School, 1927; Chess and Checker Club, 1930-32; 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Company, 2nd Regiment.



IRVING LIANSKY

"Skee" Harvard
"Time hath a taming hand."

Entered Class IV B from Theodore Roosevelt School, 1928, Literary Club, 1932; French Club, 1930; 1st Lieutenant, 12th Company, 2nd Regiment.



GEORGE LEVENSON

"Levy" Harvard
"No man is the wiser for his learning."

Entered Class IV B from Joseph H. Barnes School, 1928; Fidelity Prize, 1929; Literary Club, 1932; Chess and Checker Club, 1932; 2nd Lieutenant, 11th Company 2nd Regiment.



JOHN JOSEPH McCARTHY

"Mac" Boston College
*"Be to his virtues very kind;
 Be to his faults a little blind."*

Entered Class IV B from Martin School, 1928; Modern Prize, 1929; Symphony Band, Latin School Band, 1928-32; 1st Lieutenant, Band.



JAMES H. McCURTAIN

"Mac" Tufts

"We delight in physics."

Entered Class IV, 1927, from the Edward Everett School; Radio Club, 1930; Physics Club, 1931; Golf, 1931-32.

**JOHN JOSEPH MALONEY**

"Joe" Harvard

"Features—the great soul's apparent seat."

Entered Class VI from John Marshall School, 1926; Modern Prize, 1927-'28-1930; Approbation Prize, 1929-1931; Classical Prize, 1931; Special Reading Prize, 1928; Class Committee; Captain, 3rd Company, 1st Regiment.

**JAMES HARVEY McINERNEY**

"Mac", "Jim" Boston College

"Nothing succeeds like success."

Entered Class VI from Martin School, 1926; Fidelity Prize, 1927; Washington Memorial Exercises, 1932; Dance Committee, 1932; President, Graduating Class; Colonel, 2nd Regiment.

**THOMAS GREEN MANNING**

"Red" Yale

"Farming is a most senseless pursuit, a mere labouring in a circle."

Entered Class VI from St. Michael's School, 1926; Fidelity Prize, 1927; Classical Prize, 1929, 31; Captain, 4th Company, 2nd Regiment.

ARCHIBALD J. MacLELLAN, Jr.

"Mac" Boston University

"What now if the sky were to fall?"

Entered Class IV B from Christopher Gibson School, 1927; Captain, 2nd Company, 3rd Regiment.

**LAWRENCE HENRY MARGOLIS**

"Larry" Tufts

"Sits the wind in that corner?"

Entered Class VI from Lewis School, 1926; Library Service Club, 1927-'29; Stamp Club, 1928; Mathematics Club, 1931; 1st Lieutenant, 10th Company, 3rd Regiment.

ROBERT SHERER MacNEILL

"Bob" Annapolis

"There's mischief in this man."

Entered Class VI from Martin School, 1926; Swimming, 1929; Chess and Checker, 1930; Mathematics Club, 1930; 1st Lieutenant, 2nd Company, 3rd Regiment.

**RICHARD LINDEN MARTIN**

"Dick" Harvard

"And weedy and long was he."

Entered Class VI from Longfellow School, 1925; Track, 1929-'32; Literary Club, 1929; Fidelity Prize, 1931.

JOSEPH C. A. MASPERO

"Joe" Boston University
"My life is like a stroll upon the beach."

Entered Class III from Oliver Wendell Holmes School, 1928; 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Company, 2nd Regiment.

**KARL HENRY MIETHE**

"Karl" Boston University
"Happy am I, from care I'm free."

Entered Class IV B from Holy Trinity School, 1927; 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Company, 2nd Regiment.

**FRANK JOHN MEHRINGER, Jr.**

"Frank" M. I. T.
*"And when a lady's in the case,
 You know all other things give place."*

Entered Class VI from John Marshall School, 1926; Class Day Committee; 2nd Lieutenant, 4th Company, 2nd Regiment.

**HENRY AUGUSTINE MILEY**

"Harry" Harvard
"Sonny boah! Old boah, old boah."

Entered Class VI from James A. Garfield School, 1926; Fidelity Prize, 1929; 2nd Lieutenant, 4th Company, 3rd Regiment.

**WILLIAM LEE MEHRINGER**

"Merry" Boston University
"How fast has brother followed brother!"

Entered Class VI from John Marshall School, 1926; 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Company, 1st Regiment.

**FREDERICK T. MOORE, Jr.**

"Junie" Dartmouth
"At our wit's end."

Entered Class IV B from Our Lady's School, 1927; Football, 1929-1931; Hockey, 1931-'32; Dance Committee; Ring Committee; Class Day Committee; Captain, 8th Company, 3rd Regiment.

**EDWARD MEILMAN**

"Eddy" Harvard
"Let's go over the Latin."

Entered Class VI from William Lloyd Garrison School, 1926; Modern Prize, 1927 and 1931; Fidelity Prize, 1930; Orchestra, 1931 and 1932; High School Symphony Orchestra, 1931 and 1932; Symphony Ensemble, 1931 and 1932; Secretary of Orchestra, 1932; 1st Lieutenant, 5th Company, 3rd Regiment.

**THOMAS JAMES MOORE**

"Tom" Harvard
"Life's just a bowl of cherries."

Entered Class IV B from Edmund P. Tileston School, 1928; Literary Club, 1932; Track, 1931; 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Company, 3rd Regiment.



RICHARD HUBBARD MORTON

"Dick" Dartmouth
"Not a vain or shallow thought."

Entered Class IV B from Fairmount School, 1928; Fidelity Prize, 1929; Approbation Prize, 1930; Mathematics Club, 1932; Football, 1929-31; 2nd Lieutenant, 10th Company, 3rd Regiment.

**HASKELL NORMAN**

"Normie" M. I. T.
"His cogitative faculties immersed in cogibundity of cogitation."

Entered Class VI from Roger Wolcott School, 1926; Fidelity Prize, 1929; Approbation Prize, 1930; Classical Prize, 1931; Library Service Club, 1928; Glee Club, 1930; Orchestra, 1931; Literary Club, 1932; Vice-President, Radio Club, 1930; Mathematics Club, 1932.

ROBERT EARL MURRAY

"Bob" Harvard
"He is never less at leisure than when at leisure."

Entered Class IV B from Marlboro High School, April 1928; Approbation Prize, 1930; 1st Lieutenant, 8th Company, 1st Regiment.

**JOHN JOSEPH O'BRIEN**

"O'Bie" Boston College
"Our youth we can but have to-day."

Entered Class VI from Francis Parkman School, 1925; Track, 1927-29; 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Company, 3rd Regiment.

JOSEPH WILLIAM NEE

"Joe" Chicago
"The coast is clear."

Entered Class VI from John D. Philbrick School, 1926; 2nd Lieutenant, 12th Company, 2nd Regiment.

**MATTHEW JOSEPH O'BRIEN**

"OB" Mass. Nautical School
"O wise and salutary neglect."

Entered Class IV B from Edmund P. Tileston School, 1928; Assistant Manager, Track-Football-Baseball, 1928; Football, 1928; Baseball, 1928; Track, 1929.

JOSEPH ANTHONY MULHERIN

"Mul" Harvard
"They didn't like it."

Entered Class IV B from Prince School, 1926; Swimming, 1927; Football, 1929; Stamp Club, 1926.

**WALTER FRANCIS O'CONNOR**

"Okie" Harvard
"The walls have ears."

Entered Class III from Lawrence Junior High School, Holyoke, Mass., 1928; Captain, 12th Company, 3rd Regiment.

RICHARD LAWRENCE ODIORNE

"Dick"

M. I. T.

"Quorum pars magna fui."

Entered Class IV B from Washington Irving School, 1928; Modern Prize, 1929-'30; Fidelity Prize, 1931; Junior Debating Club, 1929; Senior Debating Club, 1930-'31; Literary Club, 1931; Dramatic Club, 1931; Mathematics Club, 1932; Washington and Lincoln Essayist, 1931; "Register," 1930-'32; Managing Editor, 1932; Associate Editor, Year Book Staff, 1932; 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Company, 3rd Regiment.

GAYNOR O'GORMAN, Jr.

"Iggy"

Harvard

*"Feci quod potui;
Faciant meliora potentes."*

Entered Class VI from the E. P. Tileston School. Junior Debating Society, 1925-'26-'27-'28; Junior Debating Team, 1927-'28; Secretary-Treasurer, 1927-'28; Literary Club, 1928-'29-'30-'31-'32; Director of Publicity, 1932; Dramatic Club, 1930-'31-'32; Stage Manager, 1930-'31; Secretary-Treasurer, 1931-'32; Senior Debating Club, 1930-'31-'32; Senior Debating Team, 1930-'31-'32; Vice-President, Director of Publicity, 1931-'32; Washington Memorial Essayist, 1932; Class I Editor, Assistant Business Manager; Associate Editor; Exchange Editor; *Register*, 1931-'32; Class Day Committee; Co-Author, Class Prophecy; Managing Editor, Year Book; Adjutant-Captain, C. O., 9th Company, 2nd Regiment.

LINCOLN ORR

"Link"

M. I. T.

"Time elaborately thrown away."

Entered Class VI, 1925, from the Francis Parkman School; Library Service Club, 1926-'27-'28; Swimming, 1927-'28.

JACOB PATT

"Pat"

Harvard

"Make no long orations."

Entered Class IV, 1927, from the Dwight School; Orchestra, 1928-'29-'30-'31; School Symphony Orchestra, 1929-'30-'31-'32; Chess and Checker Club, 1929; French Club, 1930; Literary Club, 1931; Senior Debating Club, 1931-'32; Symphony Ensemble, 1932; 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Company, 1st Regiment.



SAUL PELTZ

"Oscar"

Tufts

"Mark my words."

Entered Class III, 1928, from the Shurtleff School; Literary Club, 1931-'32; Orchestra, 1931-'32; Captain, 1st Company, 1st Regiment.

MORTON ALDEN PORTER

"Al"

Harvard

"And the night shall be filled with music."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Lincoln Junior High School; Fidelity Prize, 1927; Classical Prize, 1931; Band, 1926; Orchestra, 1927-'28-'29-'30-'31; Glee Club, 1927-'28; Swimming Team, 1928; Junior Debating Club, 1927; Library Service Club, 1927; 1st Lieutenant, 8th Company, 3rd Regiment.

ABRAHAM IRVING PORTNOY

"Abe"

Harvard

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

Entered Class VI from Charles Logue School, 1926; Junior Debating Team, 1926-'27; Glee Club, 1926-'29; Library Service Club, 1927-'28; Track, 1930-'32; Stamp Club, 1928; Senior Debating Club, 1930; Captain, 1st Company, 3rd Regiment.

DANIEL BRANCH PRICE, Jr.

"Dannie"

Purdue

"Go where glory awaits thee."

Entered Class VI, 1925, from the Alexander Hamilton School; Junior Debating Club, 1925-'26-'27-'28; Baseball, 1927-'28; Library Service Club, 1928-'29-'30; President, Library Service Club, 1931-'32.

ROSARIO W. PROVENZANO

"Provie" Boston College
"The last of all the Romans."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Michelangelo School; Classical Prize, 1929; Track, 1928-'29; 1st Lieutenant, 2nd Company, 2nd Regiment.

**JACOB RABINOVITZ**

"Rabby" Harvard
"Let these describe the indescribable."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Wendell Phillips School; Senior Debating Club, 1931-'32; Class I Editor, Year Book Staff; Captain, 6th Company, 1st Regiment.

**HAROLD MORRISON RADCLIFFE**

"Morry" Harvard
"A youth of frolics."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Mather School; Swimming, 1928-'29; Band, 1928-'29-'30; Literary Club, 1931-'32; 1st Lieutenant, 6th Company, 1st Regiment.

**IVER SOLOMON RAVIN**

"Iver" Harvard
"Nevermore."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the William L. Garrison School; Modern Prize, 1928; Junior Debating Team, 1926-'27; Literary Club, 1931-'32; Captain, 9th Company, 1st Regiment.

**MYRON GEORGE REINES**

"Georgie" Harvard
"I am going a long way."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Rice School; Fidelity Prize, 1929; Radio Club, 1929-'30; Secretary, 1929-'30; 2nd Lieutenant, 10th Company, 1st Regiment.

**SIDNEY RESNICK**

"Rezzie" Harvard
"Where did you come from, baby dear?"

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Phillips Brooks School; Track, 1928-'29-'30-'31-'32; Baseball, 1930-'31; Banquet Committee; 1st Lieutenant, 3rd Company, 3rd Regiment.

**NATHAN ROBINSON**

"Babe" Harvard
"And unextinguished laughter shakes the sky."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Audubon School; Classical Prize, 1928; Junior Debating Club, 1928-'29; Banquet Committee; 1st Lieutenant, 9th Company, 3rd Regiment.

**FREDERICK WILLIAM ROCHE**

"Freddie" Holy Cross
"A spirit that impels."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the St. Margaret's School; Classical Prize, 1929; Swimming, 1929; Baseball, 1929-'30-'31-'32; Hockey, 1931-'32; Math Club, 1932; Captain, 9th Company, 3rd Regiment.



JOHN FRANCIS ROCHE

"Rochey" Boston College
"The style is the man himself."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Emily A. Fifield School; Classical Prize, 1927, 1930; Fidelity Prize, 1928; Approbation Prize, 1929; Track, 1929; Glee Club, 1928-'29.



SIDNEY ROSEN

"Si" M. I. T.
"The man is either mad, or he is making verses."

Entered Class IV, 1927, from the Washington School; Stamp Club, 1927-'28; Orchestra, 1928-'32; Assistant Concert-master, 1931-'32; Literary Club, 1931-'32; Math. Club, 1931-'32; Chess and Checker Club, 1931-'32; Class Prophet, 1931-'32; Associate Editor, Register, 1931-'32; Year Book Staff; 2nd Lieutenant on Staff.

ARAM ROOPENIAN

"Roop" Harvard
"Wisdom is the gray hair unto men."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Oliver H. Perry School; Approbation Prize, 1928; Fidelity Prize, 1931; Baseball, 1929-'30-'31; Track, 1928-'29-'30.



MELVIN ROSENBLOOM

"Rosie"
"Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the William L. Garrison School; Orchestra, 1928-'29-'30-'31; Senior Symphony Orchestra, 1929-'30-'31; Chess and Checker Club, 1929; Secretary of Orchestra, 1931.

ALFRED H. ROSEN

"Al" Boston College
"Eyes, look your last!"

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Roger Wolcott School; Orchestra, 1928-'29-'30; Band, 1927-'28-'29-'30-'31-'32; Trombone prize competition, 1930; Symphony Band, 1931-'32; 2nd Lieutenant.



EDWARD A. RUSSO

"Ed" Harvard
"This peck of troubles."

Entered Class VI, 1925, from the Martin School; Radio Club, 1928-'29; French Club, 1929-'30; Literary Club, 1929-'30; Track, 1929-'30; Baseball, 1932.

LEONARD JOSEPH ROSEN

"Len" Harvard
"He had a fever."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Roger Wolcott School. Fidelity Prize, 1926.



ROBERT D. SALL

"Bob" Harvard
"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books!"

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Frank V. Thompson School; Classical Prize, 1929-'30-'31; Class of 1885 Prize, 1929; Henderson Medal, 1931; Orchestra, 1929, 1931. Lieutenant, 11th Company, 1st Regiment.

JOHN FRANCIS SCANNELL, Jr.
 "Frank" Providence College
"He has invented history."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Roger Wolcott School; Junior Debating Society, 1927-'28; Library Service Club, 1928-'29-'30-'31-'32; Dramatic Club, 1930-'31-'32; Debating Club, 1930-'31; Literary Club, 1930-'31; Track, 1930-'31-'32.

PAUL HOWARD SEGOOL
 "Polly" Harvard
"Get money, no matter by what means!"

Entered Class II, 1929, from the Theodore Roosevelt School; Fidelity Prize, 1930; Track, 1930-'31; Senior Debating Club, 1931-'32; Literary Club, 1931-'32; Chess and Checker Club, 1931-'32; Secretary-Treasurer of Graduating Class; Class Day Committee; 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Company, 3rd Regiment.

HARRY SHAPIRO
 "Shep" Curtis Institute
"My master does not bear my voice!"

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the William L. Garrison School; School Symphony, 1927-'28-'29.

ROBERT R. SHAPIRO
 "Ruby" Harvard
"Stop, look, and take note!"

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Sarah Greenwood School; Modern Prize, 1927, 1931; Fidelity Prize, 1929; Approbation Prize, 1930; Junior Debating Club, 1928-'29; Chess Club, 1926; Glee Club, 1926-'27; Literary Club, 1930; Tennis, 1930-'31-'32; Manager, 1931-'32; Class Committee; Chairman, Dance Committee; Lt.-Col., 1st Regiment.



PAUL F. SHARKEY
 "Shark" Boston University
"Touch us gently, time!"

Entered Class IV, 1927, from the Martin School; Baseball, 1931-'32; 2nd Lieutenant.



JOHN FRANCIS SHEA
 "Johnny" Northeastern
"We are men, my liege."

Entered Class VI, 1925, from the Trescott School, Fidelity Prize, 1926; Baseball, 1927-'28-'29-'30; Swimming, 1928-'29.



ERNEST SHERMAN
 "Ernie" Harvard
"For discords make the sweetest airs."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from Attleboro; Orchestra, 1928-'32; Band, 1931-'32; Symphony Orchestra, 1928-'31; Symphony Band, 1931-'32; 1st Prize, Trombone Competition, 1931-'32; Secretary of Orchestra, 1930-'31.



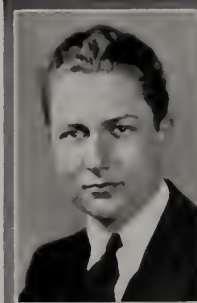
SIDNEY HAROLD SHIFMAN
 "Shifty" Harvard
"On his lapel shone a light . . .!"

Entered Class IV, 1928, from F. V. Thompson School; French Club, 1928-'29; Literary Club, 1931-'32; Math. Club, 1931-'32; Ring and Pin Committee; Captain, 8th Co., 3rd Regiment; Major, 3rd Regiment.

PHILIP SHORT

"Phil" Harvard
"Suffering brings experience."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Sarah Greenwood School; Fidelity Prize, 1930-'31; Glee Club, 1929-'30; Math. Club, 1931-'32; 2nd Lieutenant, 9th Co., 2nd Regiment.

**JOHN JOSEPH SIMON**

"Jack" Harvard
"Not much talk—a great sweet silence."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from Bigelow School; Math. Club, 1931-'32; Chess and Checker Club, 1931-'32.

**ALEC SKOLNICK**

"Alec" Harvard
"As for me, all I know is I know nothing."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Hugh O'Brien School; Classical Prize, 1930; Checker Team, 1928-'32; Chess Team, 1929-'32; Captain Chess Team, 1929-'30-'31-'32; Vice-President, Chess Club, 1930-'31; President, 1931-'32; Math. Club, 1931-'32; 2nd Lieutenant on Staff.

**SIDNEY JOSEPH SMITH**

"Smythe" Yale
"Sir . . . ?"

Entered Class III, 1929, from F. V. Thompson School; Tennis, 1929-'32; Captain, Tennis Team, 1931-'32; Captain, 8th Co., 1st Regiment.

**BENJAMIN SPELFOGEL**

"Spelly" Harvard
"The mystery of folded sleep."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Grover Cleveland School; Math. Club, 1931-'32; Literary Club, 1931-'32; Chess and Checker Club, 1930-'31; 1931-'32; Track Team, 1930-'31; Chairman of Chess and Checker Tournament, 1931-'32.

**OSCAR SPINNER**

"Skippy" Harvard
"That which is not worth speaking, they sing."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the F. V. Thompson School; 1st Lieutenant, 10th Co., 1st Regiment.

**ROBERT PAUL STEPTOE**

"Bob" Leland Stanford
*"My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure."*

Entered Class VI, 1925, from the John Marshall School; Baseball, 1931-'32; Hockey, 1931-'32; Chairman, Class Committee; Chairman, Picture Committee.

**LEONARD SYDNEY STOLOFF**

"Lennie" M. I. T.
"You are an alchemist!"

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Fidelity Prize, 1929-'30; Radio Club, 1929-'30; Math. Club, 1931-'32; Drum Corps, 1931-'32.



JOHN MORGAN STRACHAN

"J. Morgan" Harvard

"That is to say . . ."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Elihu Greenwood School; Dramatic Club, 1930-'31, 1931-'32; Vice-president, 1930-'31; President, 1931-'32; Dramatic Medal, 1932; 2nd Lieutenant, 11th Co., 3rd Regiment.

**LEO EDWARD SWEENEY, Jr.**

"Eddie" Harvard

"Wearing his wisdom lightly."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the St. Mary's School; Classical Prize, 1929-'30-'31; Approbation Prize, 1929-'30; Class of 1885 Prize; Glee Club, 1928; 2nd Lieutenant on Staff.

ISRAEL STRASHUN

"Izzy" Harvard

"My mind to me a kingdom is—"

Entered Class IV, 1926, from the Sherwin School; Literary Club, 1931-'32; Dramatic Club, 1931-'32; 1st Lieutenant, 9th Co., 1st Regiment.

**EMANUEL TAITZ**

"Manny" Harvard

"A dry jest, sir—I have them at my finger's end."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Lewis Intermediate School; Literary Club, 1931-'32; Math. Club, 1931-'32; 1st Lieutenant, 8th Co., 3rd Regiment; Promoted to Captain.

FLORINCE C. SULLIVAN

"Sully" Boston College

"When they hold their tongues, they cry out."

Entered Class IV, 1927, from the Hugh O'Brien School; Orchestra, 1927-'28; Literary Club, 1929-'30; Football, 1930; Baseball, 1931.

**JACOB ISRAEL TOYSTER**

"Jack" Harvard

"An oyster may be crossed in love!"

Entered Class III, 1929, from the Theodore Roosevelt School; Literary Club, 1931-'32; 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Co., 1st Regiment.

JAMES JOSEPH SULLIVAN

"Sull" Harvard

"Much learning doth make me mad."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Bigelow School; Radio Club, 1929-'30; Literary Club, 1930-'31; 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Co., 1st Regiment.

**HERBERT E. TUCKER, Jr.**

"Herbie" Boston College

"The world, the flesh, and the devil."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Lewis Intermediate School; Drum corps, 1928-'29-'30-'31-'32; Football, 1930; Track, 1926-'27-'28; 3rd Bugle Prize, 1929; 2nd Lieutenant, Drum corps, 1931-'32.

WILLIAM DONALD TWOHIG

"Billy" Yale

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Entered Class IV, 1927, from the St. Peter and Paul's School; Chess Team, 1928-'29; Swimming Team, 1927-'28; Glee Club, 1927-'28; Track Team, 1927; Baseball, 1931.

**FRANCIS JOSEPH ULMAN**

"Frankie" Harvard

"I am saddest when I sing."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the George Putnam School; Modern Prize, 1929-'30; Fidelity Prize, 1930-'31; Orchestra, 1930-'31; Junior Debating Club, 1928-'29; Chess and Checker Club, 1930-'31-'32; Secretary, 1931-'32, Band, 1929-'30-'31-'32.

**MORRIS VIDIBORSKY**

"Vidie" Boston University

"Give me a man with a good allowance of nose!"

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Robert Treat Paine School; Modern Prize, 1928-'29; Glee Club, 1928-'29; Tennis Team, 1929-'30-'31; Captain, 7th Co., 1st Regiment.

**LYMAN WARREN, Jr.**

"Bud" Harvard

"Silence is golden."

Entered Class IV B, 1927, from the Winship School.

**LOUIS J. M. WAXMAN**

"Waxie" Purdue

"Old as I am—for ladies love unfit, The power of beauty I remember yet."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Robert Treat Paine School; Junior Debating Club, 1926-'29; Junior Prize Debate, 1928-'29; Stamp Club, 1926-'29; Freshman Baseball Team, 1928-'29; Vice-president, Junior Debating Club, 1928-'29; President, 1928-'29; Class Day Committee.

**VINCENT ANTHONY WENNERS**

"Vinnie" Notre Dame

"And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!"

Entered Class IV, 1927, from the St. Augustine School; Literary Club, 1929-'30; Football, 1930; Baseball, 1931.

**WILLIAM JOSEPH WEST, Jr.**

"Bill" Harvard

"For he was studious—of his ease."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Andrew Jackson School; 1st Lieutenant, 1st Co., 3rd Regiment.

**THEODORE HAROLD WHITE**

"Teddy" Harvard

"What is a Communist . . .?"

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Christopher Gibson School; Modern Prize, 1929-'30; Band, 1928-'32; Orchestra, 1930-'31, 1931-'32; Chess and Checker Club, 1928-'32; Treasurer, 1931-'32.



JOEL WILLIAMS

"Willie" Harvard
"What silly people wits are."

Entered Class III, 1928, from the Grover Cleveland School; 1st Lieutenant, 5th Co., 2nd Regiment.



MARVIN JOSEPH WILNER

"Marvy" Harvard

Entered Class IV, 1927, from the Theodore Roosevelt School; Literary Club, 1931-'32; Track, 1927.



NORTON LAURIET WILLIAMS

"Norty" Harvard
"The ladies call him sweet."

Entered Class VI, 1926, from the Christopher Gibson School; Track Team, 1928-'29; Glee Club, 1928-'29; Literary Club, 1931-'32; 1st Lieutenant, 3rd Co., 3rd Regiment.



HYMAN WILLIAM ZUSSMAN

"Zeus" Harvard

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

Entered Class IV, 1928, from the Phillips Brooks School; Modern Prize, 1930-'31; Approbation Prize, 1930.



Follies of 1932

Words and Music by Sydney J. Freedberg

Allow me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to introduce Exhibit A who is none other than Latin School's own edition of Il Duce—James Harvey McInerney, President of the Graduating Class. *Viva Schola Latina!*

Exhibit B, we assure you, is quite harmless. In private life, sans the cowboy suit and the wooden horse, he is Brigadier General John A. Hoye.

The less said about C, the better, for he is well able to do his own talking. May we present Lucius Baroochus Harris, our child prodigy at foreign-language declamation? Yes, he does speak English, but not so's you'd notice it.

"Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman——" No. D, Tom Bilodeau, might well take this well-remembered little nursery rhyme as the theme song of his Latin School career. Ask any English High athlete what disease he fears most, and it's ten to one he'll answer "T. B."—and he won't mean tuberculosis, either.

E and F have been included merely to make this group representative. Who can ever forget "Big Jack" Burke (the grinning ape!) or Louie Strymish (the ape!)?

"I'll come down and let you in;
 I'll come down and let you in,
 Said the fair young maiden."

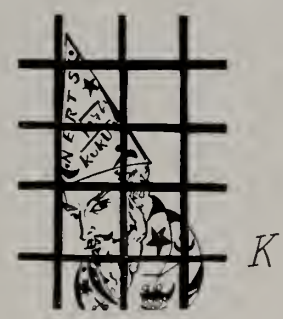
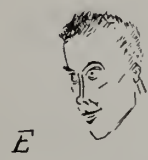
Indeed, what fair young maiden would refuse "Barnacle Bill" Foster entrance, especially in that handsome new sailor suit. Pipe the rose, mateys.

You are now looking at No. H, Fred Moore, who, we are convinced, is one up on Achilles, Lord Byron, Paris, Adonis, and at least a dozen ahead of Don Juan. God help the women with a man like this!

A clicking of boots, a clinking of spurs, a clanking of medals, a bellowing of bulls a mile or so away—and what have we? Just Iggy O'Gorman in his favorite Kaiser Wilhelm "get-up". Remove the braid and the rest of the pomp and circumstance, and you have an entirely different person, our own little Walter Winchell—The *Register's* Raving (very) Reporter. Under that layer of grease paint is another character still—but why go on? If your best friend won't tell you, Iggy, why should I?

J: Harold Banks. For those who know him no further identification is necessary.

K: last, and we are afraid, least—"Woofy" Kaplan, Lord bless him! This is the queer fellow, who writes stories with a strong Russian stench, sings Bach masses to himself and understands (?) Einstein. Sad isn't it?





Register Staff

The Register

WILFRED KAPLAN, *Editor-in-Chief*

The Golden Jubilee year of the REGISTER has reached its close. Reminiscent graduates have declared that the celebration has not been unworthily completed, and we of the staff hope that our labors have enriched the volumes of the *Register* and of the school's history.

At the beginning we were despairing. There was no cover; there were no Class III Editors; there were no stories, no funds! What was to happen? We were sad indeed. But lo, came inspiration, and in came stories; came delusion and a devilish cover; came generosity and with it, money. The school recognized the occasion and assured us of its confidence.

The first number was successful at least to the extent of lively comment on the cover. The second met approval because of numerous illustrations. The others followed at somewhat regular intervals, leading up to our climax of celebration in the Golden Jubilee Number with its numerous Alumni features.

Notable work has been done by our managing editor, Richard Odiorne. He has tried his hand at everything from poetry to that stimulating column, "Do You Know That?" Together with his shear-bearing companions he has clipped many a dummy to perfection. Then too, the poetical genius of Sidney Rosen must not be overlooked. Many an obscure corner of the magazine has been filled by the sparkling genius of his muse.

One outstanding worker this year has been Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr. A wistful lad, deficient in mathematical training, and, at first, in dummy work and other tactical *Register* knowledge, he has spurred to the fore with a brilliance which has astonished us. To cap the climax, his column, "The Ramblings of the *Register's* Raving Reporter", has won the state prize in the Scholastic Awards.

Our business manager and art editor, Sydney Freedberg, who incorporates art into business and vice versa, has done excellent work in both fields, and has even opened our eyes with a most introspective poem, "Prom".

As for the circulation manager, Newton Levine, the efficiency of his department has elicited favorable comment from past holders of his post; thanks are also due to Solomon I. Kaplan for his conscientious help in this work.

A department which has swelled our book is the sports column. Lee Harris, who brooked no interference in getting his "game", has compiled a highly interesting account of the athletic activities during the year; in this endeavor he has been aided by George B. Underwood, to whom we return thanks.

No symposium on the fifty-first volume of the *Register* would be complete without some mention of the advertising manager, Harold Banks, who combines a scintillating wit flavored with a touch of hard, austere logic, with rare declamatory ability and a facile pen, all inside a very shrewd business head.

Our Class II Editors, Hubert Nexon and James Foley, have from time to time contributed stories evincing considerable merit, nor has the work of the junior members of the business staff been in any way unpraiseworthy; quite the contrary, the work of Paul Jacobs and Stanley Rothenberg has been of incalculable assistance.

Finally, we have succeeded as much as we have, only as a result of the immeasurable aid and help given by our two advisers, Mr. Marson on literary side, Mr. Levine on the business, and the co-operation of the Faculty as a whole.

And now, as we leave to give place to another year, another staff, different ideas and policies, we are pleased to announce the appointment of the following boys to the Board of Editors: H. Agoos, H. D. Bedrosian, L. Danziger, L. Finkel, J. M. Foley, M. Linenthal, H. H. Nexon, E. I. Parsons, G. B. Underwood, S. Abelow, H. A. Berman, J. F. Casey, A. Damon, R. Ravven, R. E. Wernick; and to the Business Staff: R. L. Cohen, W. B. Colmes, S. I. Kaplan, Paul Jacobs, and S. D. Rothenberg. Specific positions will be determined at some future date.



Seated: Lee B. Harris, Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr., Wilfred Kaplan, Sydney J. Freedberg, Harold Banks.
Standing: Howard P. Hall, James A. Foley, Newton A. Levine, Richard L. Odiorne, Sidney Rosen.

Senior Register Staff

Although hampered, as was every student activity during the school year just past, by seemingly insurmountable financial stringencies, the Senior members of the Register Staff, assisted by the monetary aid furnished by a most generous graduating class, have been fortunate enough to secure the wherewithal to publish this, the *Senior Register*, 1932.

In this work the aforementioned Senior members of the Staff have been aided by three so-called Class I Editors, appointed by the President for this purpose. They were James A. Foley, Howard P. Hall, and Jacob Rabinovitz, who was, unfortunately, absent at the time the picture printed above was taken. Taking into consideration the fact that this kind of work was new, novel, and rather bewildering to them, they have worked conscientiously and efficiently; it would be impossible to overestimate the value of their assistance, and we thank them most sincerely for it.

Many hitherto unknown difficulties have entered into the composition of this "Yearbook" and we fully realize that it does not even approach the high standards which others have set in this type of work. It is, therefore, trembling with fear and apprehension, heightened by an ever-present sense of our own unworthiness, that we submit our final attempt at high school journalism to the tender mercies of our readers.

MANAGING EDITOR.



Debating Club

GAYNOR O'GORMAN, JR., *Vice-President*

Soon after the election of officers, the society held trials for its first debate of the year with the result that two teams were picked: one—S. J. Freedberg, J. M. Foley, and Gleason L. Archer, Jr.; the other—Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr., A. J. Finkelstein, and E. I. Parsons. But it was the first mentioned team of Freedberg, Foley, and Archer that had the good fortune to defeat Brown 1935 on the night of Friday, December 18, 1931, by a 2-1 vote of the judges; and Harvard 1935 on the evening of Friday, February 18, 1932, by an audience vote of 181-161. The subject under discussion was, on both occasions, "Compulsory Unemployment Insurance."

A delegation from the Girls' High School attended the debate with Harvard, and, to return the courtesy, the Debating Team paid a visit to Girls' High School on the afternoon of Thursday, April 4, 1932, but was defeated by a 2-1 vote of the judges, although the question was, once again, "Compulsory Unemployment Insurance."

On Class Day, April 15, 1932, the Team traveled to Brown for a return debate on the same question as that of the first one, and, though the vote of the judges was again 2-1, this time it was in favor of Brown.

Disasters come in sets of threes, and so the Debating Team, which since the last debate, had consisted of Freedberg, Foley, Archer, and R. E. Wernick as Alternate, was defeated at Norwood High School on Friday, May 13, by a 2-1 vote of the judges. Once again the question was "Compulsory Unemployment Insurance."

The officers, who, under the supervision of Mr. Francis J. Roland and Mr. F. C. Cleary, Faculty Directors and Coaches, governed the student members of the debating society during the school year 1931-32, were Sydney J. Freedberg, President; Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr., Vice-President; and Harold Banks, Secretary.



Literary Club

Literary Club

GAYNOR O'GORMAN, JR., *Director of Publicity.*

It seems rather a pity that the by far most interesting and, at the same time, most edifying (if such a paradox is compatible with your acquaintance with schools) of our non-athletic extra-curricula activities should have so little appeal to the imagination of Latin School boys that an attendance of twenty-five is the most that can be hoped for, except on an extraordinary occasion or when an election is in the offing . . . But this was not intended to be a lecture on good reading or a panegyric on the benefits of literary clubs, rather it is to be a summary of the things accomplished by the Literary Club during the school year 1931-1932.

Mr. Callanan had succeeded Mr. Marson as Faculty Director, and he formally opened the season with a most informative address on "Recent War Novels" on October 19, 1931. His talk resolved itself into a carefully drawn contrast between the attitude held by men towards war since the beginning of history, that of glory, pomp, and splendor, and the candid, debunking attitude of contemporary writers. He pointed out the salient features of some books in each of the two periods and told how they came to be written.

Mr. Callanan spoke again on Monday, November 2nd, and his subject concerned itself with "Biographical Novels". In the course of his discourse he pointed out the fact which we had long suspected to be true, namely that writers of this sort of book often sacrifice historical accuracy to pander to their reader's pleasure.

The next meeting, on November 16, was addressed by a member of the club, who spoke on "Walt Whitman". He demonstrated that Walt Whitman and Amy Lowell were the forerunners of the "Latter Day" poets.

The long-awaited election was held on November 30 with the result that Sydney J. Freedberg was elected President, Harold Banks, Vice-President, and Edward D. Hurley, Secretary-Treasurer. When the results had been tabulated and the officers installed, the meeting was turned over to the newly-elected Secretary, who delivered a charmingly informal lecture on "The Life and Works of Eugene O'Neil".

Thomas Nelson Paige was the subject for discussion at the next meeting of this organization and the discussion was most aptly lead by K. C. Bernstein, who had volunteered for the occasion.

The meeting next following, the first one of the new year, was addressed by Joseph M. Foley, who spoke most knowingly on the many phases of the literary works of Henrik Ibsen and about the complexities of the man himself. Foley's talk was followed by a short dissertation on "The Technical Devices Employed by Playwrights", which was delivered by Mr. Callanan.

The meeting of the Literary Club on February 1 was given over to a discussion of Joseph Conrad and his contributions to the literature of the sea and of sea-faring men led by A. J. Finkelstein of Class II. Willa Cather was appointed as the subject for the next meeting.

But that should be enough to give you a fairly comprehensive idea of the work carried on by the Literary Club during the season just past, and it remains only to say that the club was disbanded on Monday, May 16, 1932, when it was addressed by Mr. Philip Marson, who talked about—an hour and a quarter—until next September, at which time we hope it will include more sincerely interested members on its rolls.



The Math Club

RICHARD L. ODIORNE, *Secretary*

It may be rather startling news to those disgruntled individuals (and they are not few), who believe that the proper place for mathematics is the National Bureau of Vital Statistics and that it should be removed from the high school curriculum, that there are a group of students in the Boston Latin School that are so fascinated by the study that they have formed a club to study the subject in its more abstruse phases, but such is the case; explain it as you will.

The great majority of the members were not sharks, as many suppose; they were simply interested in learning the use of the slide rule, finding short cuts in "plane, solid, and trig", and perhaps in raising their marks thereby. The more ambitious found outlets for their intellectual exuberance in proving trick originals, disproving fallacies popularly believed to be true, trying their skill at analytics, showing that zero is equal to infinity, that all numbers lie between one and two, or exploiting Einstein's new theory.

It is safe to say that this year's Math Club has set a norm, a precedent to be followed by succeeding classes. Not only has knowledge of the slide rule been found to be of inestimable value to our budding physicists; but the group, under the able, guiding hand of Mr. Doyle, has spent many a happy hour, interrupted occasionally by the ready wit of the president and the repartee of the members.

Officers for the current year were elected at one of the earlier meetings of the year. They were: Wilfred Kaplan, President; Maurice Heins, Vice-President; and Richard L. Odiorne, Secretary.

Musical Organizations

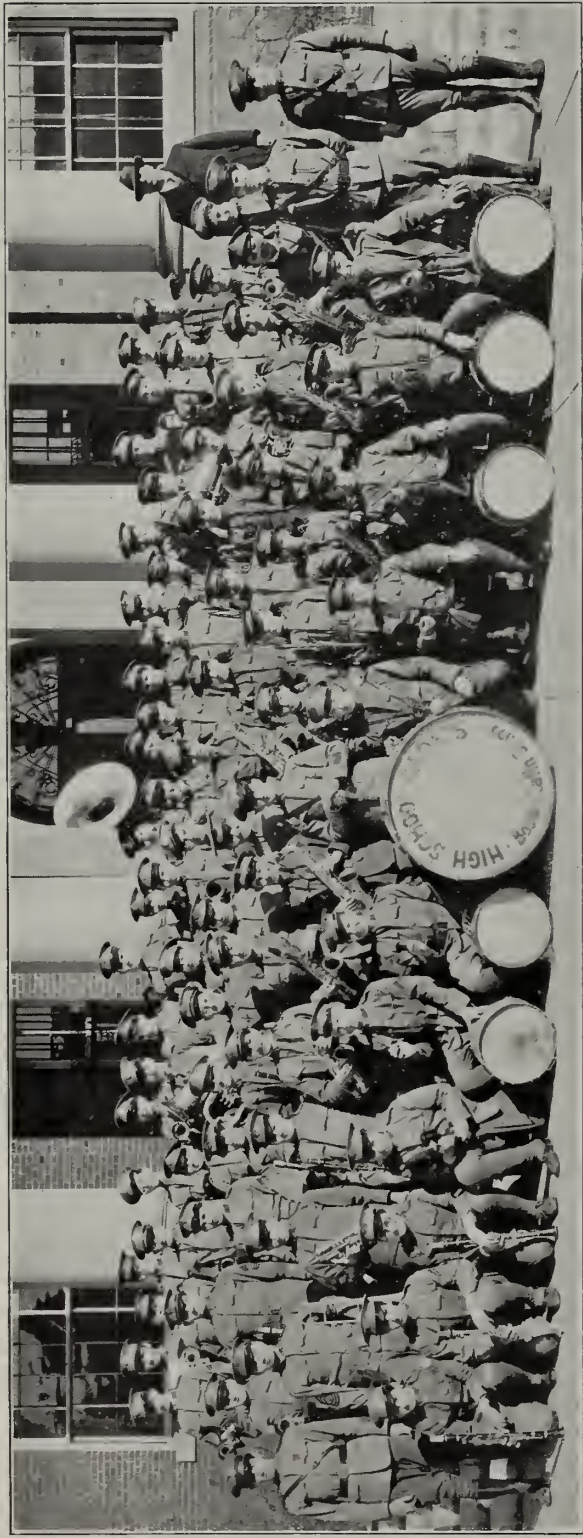
GAYNOR O'GORMAN, JR.



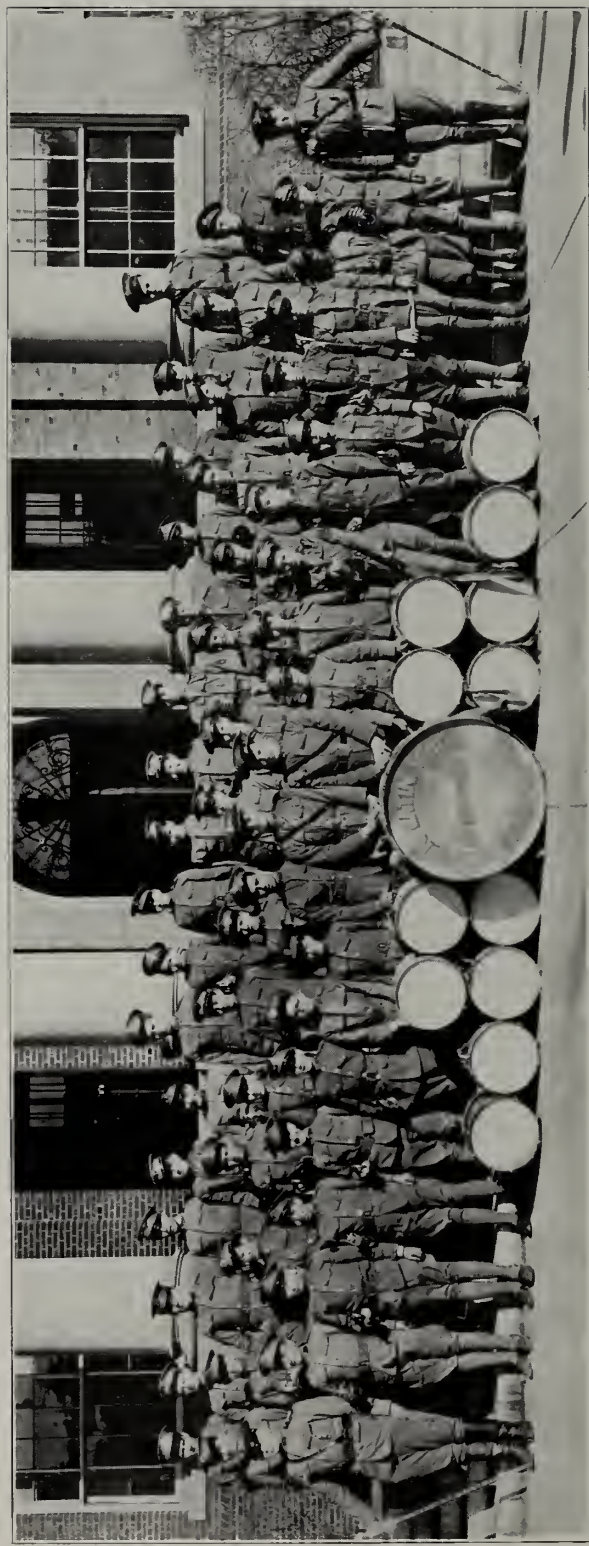
THE ORCHESTRA

Many times during the past year have our ears been delighted by the lyrical strains of the harmony poured forth by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Wagner; and as many times have we been thrilled by the martial strains of the music played by the Latin School Band under the supervision of Mr. Fortunato Sordillo and directed by Dominic R. Freni, Band Captain. We wish we could say the same for the Drum and Bugle Corps, but we could not perjure ourselves to this extent. Nevertheless, they have tried valiantly and if they have not succeeded as well as we would wish, it is not for us to criticise, but to commend in as far as they have succeeded.

Upon all especial occasions these organizations have performed most willingly and gladly for the entertainment of the school and its friends and we wish to take this opportunity of thanking them most heartily for their "*esprit de corps*".



THE BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL BAND



THE BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

“Toga Cedat Armis”

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF MILITARY DRILL, 1932.

Five long months of patient surveillance under the ever-watchful eyes of Drill-master Colonel George S. Penney resulted in the selection of the companies of Captains Bilodeau, Dowd, Keller, and Moore for the annual exhibition of a battalion of four companies on the day on which memorial exercises commemorating Washington are held. Each company had practiced a set of manoeuvres for approximately two weeks before the date set for the exhibition drill, and when February 19th came, they were practically letter perfect. After the individual companies had gone through their paces, there was a short battalion drill and an exhibition by the Drum and Bugle Corps commanded by Drum Major Leo Cooper.

* * * * *

Class Day, April 15, 1932, witnessed the full strength of the Latin School Regiments on parade, for a review of the entire cadet unit was held by Lt. Col. Gaspar G. Bacon, President of the Massachusetts Senate, in front of the school on Avenue Louis Pasteur. As the lines came by in an almost perfect alignment, one could not but hope for something better than has been our fortune in recent years in the Annual Street Parade to be held on June 3, but such was not to be the case.

* * * * *

Seldom if ever had fickle Fortune smiled more sweetly on the labors of Colonel George S. Penney than she did on the occasion of the seventieth annual prize drill, which was held this year at the Fens Playground, on Friday, May sixth. For the morning of the appointed day dawned fair and cool and, though towards mid-day the glare of the sun on the field became too strong for your chronicler, whose eyes are rather weak, the weather continued fair and cool all day.

The playing field was divided into three so-called rings, and one regiment drilled (company by company) in each of the three rings. The ring nearest Commonwealth Avenue being occupied by the First, or pony, Regiment; the middle one by the Third, or large, Regiment; and the one nearest to Simmons College by the Second, or intermediate, Regiment.

Approximately 1700 cadets competed in company drill for the fourteen prizes (there were five in the first and third regiments and one in the second) while their parents, friends, and a brilliant galaxy of young ladies from the educational institutions looked on, and, when the scorers had finished adding up the markings of the judges, Headmaster Joseph L. Powers announced the following promotions:—

In the First Regiment:

Colonel Norman A. Ferguson	10th Company	442	points.
Lt. Col. Robert R. Shapiro	7th Company	432	points.
Major Louis Rains	1st Company	417	points.
Major Iver S. Ravin	9th Company	417	points.
Major Frank R. Berman	11th Company	417	points.

In the Second Regiment:

Colonel James H. McInerney	4th Company	452	points.
Lt. Col. Sydney J. Freedberg	3rd Company	444	points.
Major Edward D. Hurley	9th Company	435	points.
Major John F. McCarthy	2nd Company	429	points.

And in the Third Regiment:

Colonel John A. Hoyer	2nd Company	405.5	points.
Lt. Col. Thomas H. Bilodeau	9th Company	402.5	points.
Major Lee B. Harris	3rd Company	397	points.
Major Thomas H. Dowd, Jr.	11th Company	394.5	points.
Major Sidney H. Shifman	8th Company	385.5	points.

The announcement of the prize winning companies having been completed, a review of the three regiments was held as they marched by the reviewing officers in a "company front" formation. The reviewing officers included Mr. Joseph L. Powers, Mr. Fred O'Brien, three of the four judges, and the newly-created colonels.

* * * * *

The morning of June third was showery and it looked for a time as though the Annual Street Parade were going to be called off on account of rain. However, upon receiving the assurances of the Weather Man that the day was not going to be inclement, those in charge of the organization of the parade went ahead with the plans as scheduled. Possibly the overcast skies were an augury set by the gods above as a sign to warn the Latin School of the ill success with which its efforts were to be rewarded, at any rate Latin School was unfortunate enough to secure only fifth place, while Hyde Park High School captured first for the fifth consecutive year.

The reason for this, to say the least, most reprehensible state of affairs is not hard to find; it lies in the small regiment. Manifestly it is rather difficult for small boys to succeed as well in military drill as their older brothers, and yet there is no reason why they cannot make a very creditable showing in the Street Parade. They benefit by the same excellent instruction that their fellow students in the big regiment receive and there is no reason why they do not achieve better results. Perhaps the answer lies in their lackadaisical, "*laissez faire*" attitude toward drill, which promotes talking, laughing, joking, and fooling in the ranks—all of which is not in any way conducive to the winning of prizes in the Street Parade.

A little more perseverance and conscientious attention to the small and seemingly insignificant details and a scrupulously rigid discipline is all that is needed to insure the future success of the Latin School Regiments in the Street Parade.

Let us hope, therefore, that there will be no further fault to find with the Pony Regiment and that the Class of 1933 will in future years be able to look back and recall the day when it was able to reclaim the first prize banner for the Boston Latin School.

* * * * *

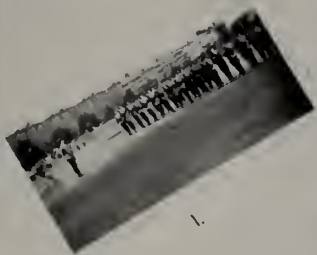
As has been the custom for quite a number of years the first prize company from the Latin Grammar School, accompanied by a group of staff officers, marched with the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company on June 6. The day was, to put it mildly, very hot, and not a few of the elderly gentlemen in the ranks suffered severely from the heat. Nevertheless, they persevered with a grit and determination worthy of the survivors of the Grand Army of the Republic and carried through the entire program to its logical conclusion. This parade let down a curtain on Military Drill in Boston Latin School for 1931-1932.

GAYNOR O'GORMAN, JR.,

Adjutant-Captain, C.O., 9th Company, 2nd Regiment.

Key to Snapshots of Prize Drill

1. 9th Company, 3rd Regiment, Captain Bilodeau commanding.
2. Second and third regiments at "present arms" while Band, under the direction of Dominic Freni, plays "The Star Spangled Banner."
3. 9th Company, 1st Regiment, Captain Ravin commanding.
4. This might be entitled "a little bit of sunshine".
5. Reading from left to right: Colonel George Samuel Penney, Headmaster Joseph L. Powers, and Associate Director of Physical Education Fred O'Brien.
6. Three judges—Captain Canty, and Lieutenants Lennon and Smith.
7. Cadet Colonels John A. Hoyer, Norman A. Ferguson, and James H. McInerney.
8. 3rd Company, 2nd Regiment, Captain Freedberg commanding.
9. 2nd Company, 3rd Regiment, Captain Hoyer commanding.
10. 11th Company, 3rd Regiment, Captain Dowd commanding.
11. 8th Company, 3rd Regiment, Captain Shifman commanding.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



9.



10.



11.

Prize Drill 1932

Photos by Staff



CLASS DAY COMMITTEE

Seated—Frederick T. Moore, Jr., Leo F. Glynn, Gerard F. Burke (Chairman), Paul H. Segool, Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr.

Standing—Charles R. Cochran, Marshall B. Kreidberg, Samuel P. Gordon, John A. Burke (Captain of Ushers).

Class Day this year proved to be a memorable occasion, for the Class Day Committee, under the leadership of "Jerry" Burke, had arranged a truly interesting program for the occasion. Mr. Patrick T. Campbell was guest of honor, and he gave the customary address to the Graduating Class. The School Orchestra conducted by Mr. Wagner delighted the audience with several classical selections, and, lest anybody weary of this, there was a Jazz Orchestra, composed of members of Class I, that rendered jazz most ably. A stirring oration delivered by Lee Harris, an attempt at a humorous recitation by Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr., a Class Will spoken by Sydney J. Freedberg and jointly drawn up by himself and Harold Banks, and a Class Prophecy delivered by Sidney Rosen, written in verse form by himself in collaboration with Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr., formed the rest of the program held indoors. Afterwards a review of the three Latin School regiments was held in front of the school by Lt. Col. Gaspar G. Bacon. The oration, will, recitation, and prophecy are reprinted on the pages next following.

Class Oration 1932

LEE HARRIS

Mr. Powers, Members of the Faculty, Guests, and Fellow-Classmates:

Treading the well-worn, but hazardous path of our predecessors, we, the class of '32, have reached an important milestone in our careers. Like the weary mountain climber, we pause in our difficult ascent to look back upon the tortuous way we have come, to gain fresh hope and courage for the advance yet to be trod to eternity. This, then, is a point in our horizon where beautiful memories become fused with new ambition and determination. Once more we are to resume our arduous journey, which becomes more steep and strenuous as it progresses, with the cry of all civilization ringing in our ears—"Excelsior."

It seems but fitting that at this parting of the ways we should offer due thanks for our training thus far and consider seriously our mode of action and conduct for the future.

The education and the discipline that the Latin School afford need no comment—already they are well-known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Surely the best in education that our country can supply has been given us without stint. Our parents have struggled unselfishly, and our teachers have worked devotedly in order that at this important turning-point we shall not be found wanting. *We are prepared. We have the tools. Are we going to use them?* That is the challenge!

In announcing the approach of Class Day, Mr. Powers, our headmaster, very opportunely sounded the keynote when he asked for something different this year as part of our exercises. Indeed, I believe in this age of machines, in this age of large-scale production, in this age of indifference and depression, we need something different—new ideas, new hope, new inspiration, new leaders. We need some power which shall rouse our fellow-citizens from the lethargy into which they have sunk. To survive we must be different, we must change.

But how? By socialism, by radicalism, by communism? No! Emphatically, No! What we require is a *return*, a reinstatement, a rebirth of those ideals and beliefs which carried our fore-fathers through extremities ever so much more difficult than those we are facing at present. Those precepts and qualities are manifold, and the reason that America holds her station in the world today is because she inherited and cherished them. Yet some are missing, and in times such as these are sorely needed.

Sad to say, to be respectful, to be deferential, is one of the "different" qualities nowadays. People, and students especially, are wont to scoff and sneer at traditions or anything belonging to the past. The rising generation regards such things as obstacles, as impediments to their progress. Traditions and customs must go. Make way for the new generation! But sane thoughts and sane ideas will prevail ultimately, as our present deplorable economic situation teaches us. Therefore, I plead for deference,—deference to one's parents, deference to one's teachers, deference toward the community and all mankind.

At this point I am urged to sound a warning. In our school, where above all tradition prevails, we are sometimes inclined to one extreme. Tradition is a priceless treasure to be guarded and protected jealously; but when it becomes so magnified that it overshadows all thought and originality, it is decidedly dangerous. History, as I see it, should be not the prophet for the future, but the guide for future actions. "History repeats itself" is a maxim for which I have no sympathy. Because we had a disaster in former times, we shall be revisited by the same disaster. *This doctrine is fallacious!* But rather

because we had a disaster, we are preparing to avoid a recurrence—*that* is where history should play its part. If it were not that this school, because of its noble past, has recognized that fact, if it were not that our Alma Mater has kept pace with the rapid changes of this growing nation by supplying a liberal education, it could never have endured for almost three hundred years. Nothing remains stationary in this world, and he who can not go on must of necessity fall behind.

Besides being respectful, there are many other desirable qualities which must today be called different. Obedience, modesty, graciousness are, among others, those which seem to have been thrust aside in this age. Fortunately there are those who, in the face of such despair and misery, can still be idealistic. Fortunately there are those who can still struggle heroically against overwhelming odds and not be afraid to grapple with realism, nor endeavor to hide themselves from it by a wall of money and speed. These are the people to whom the lack of things they are accustomed to does not mean the end. They have faith, they have religion, they have the satisfaction of laboring for an ideal, for the common good, for giving voluntarily of themselves—and this joy, this recompense, no lack of tangible means can destroy.

I am confident, therefore, that despite present conditions, our country will go forward; and for years to come, this platform will be graced by youths like ourselves, declaring their appreciation of their masters and making their adieu to the school which they have learned to love so well. I am confident that they will attempt to be different by endeavoring ever to better existing conditions. And I am confident that the School which produced such leaders as Franklin, Emerson, Eliot, and Santayana—men who were leaders because they dared to be different—will not cease to send upon the stage of life other leaders in the cause of mankind.



Medley

*Oxford accent
crossed with
that good ol'
Virginia
drawl and a
Cockney-
Yankee nasal*

"I trust, sir, that notwithstanding the austerity of the chair your good nature will incline you to some degree of indulgence toward human frailty," for although it has been my good fortune to speak several times from this platform, yet—

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

"If, therefore, you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now," for I am in earnest; I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, and I *will* be heard."

Presto

As "you know, we French stormed Ratisbon,—A mile or so away"—
"into the valley of death rode the six hundred—half a league—half a league—half a league onward," "while on the deck my Captain lies fallen, cold and dead" with Sheridan but twenty miles away.

*In a "Curley-
esque" manner*

And so I feel compelled to cry "now listen, my children, and you shall hear of the midnight ride of Paul Revere." "I sprang to the stirrup and Joris and he; I galloped; Dirk galloped; we galloped all three" over the hill to the poorhouse where "like an armed warrior, a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lances full and fair against" "that prince of Parliamentarians," Patrick Henry, who once so proudly said: "Shoot if you must this old gray head, but spare your country's flag," for "you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!"

"Ah," said Governor Troup, "Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable, now and forever." "But, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," said South Carolina, "We want a government of the people, by the people and for the people," for 'Tis BOOM, BOOM, BÖÖM—"sloggin' over Africa" and you can't get out of Dec!

Plaintively

"Oh, Tiber, Father Tiber, to whom the Romans pray, a Roman's life, a Roman's arms take thou in charge this day" "under the one the blue, under the other the gray"; "thus he spake, and speaking thus, John Deprez reached out and shot the Prussian Major dead!"

Cantabile

And now for recreation from this fearful declamation, to English class we turn in great despair; but alas, alack, we turn aback, for we find the same case there. For the bells of memory echo, and I hear these time-worn lines, to which all of you have listened and groaned one hundred thousand times.

*In that good
old "Hobb-
sian" style*

"Out, out," "brief candle," "out! I say,—One, two; why, then 'tis time to" go to lunch. "Fie, fie, my lord, a soldier and afear'd." "Believe it or not, this is a Bona Fide College Board question and I am determined" "that curfew shall not ring to-night." "Now is there anyone within the sound of my voice that I can help? Tell me, son, do you hear anything or is it just a noise?"

Appassionato

"Friends, Romans," Latinites, "lend me your ears"—I'll give them back to you tomorrow morning. "Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may the better hear." "I come to bury" B - U - R - Y — Declamation — "Not to praise it"; "Quoth the raven," "Romeo! Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo?" — AW NERTS!

Largo

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down from the field of his fame, fresh and gory; we carved not a line, we raised not a stone, but we left him alone with his 'boots, boots, boots, and there's no discharge' from Public Dec. 'Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which is a trick all seamen larn, and having got rid of a thumpin' quid, he spun this painful yarn';—

"Come, all who love a merry jest, and listen while I tell a tale of what in the ancient days, the good old times, befell; in the weird old days of long ago";

"Napoleon was sitting in his tent; before him lay a map of Italy. 'Now,' said he, 'I will capture him there.' " 'Who, Sir?' said an officer. 'Why, dangerous Dan McGrew,' he said, and then he called aloud for Miriam Lane and said,

Sotto voce

'Woman, I have a secret.'

'Beneath the spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stands! I will meet you there, when the roses bloom again. Then up spake brove Horatius—brave Horotius—well, anyway, the Captain of the rude bridge that arched the flood: "Who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder, and nobody answered, so he hollered all the louder."

"Hark—a shout—a crash—a groan——"

"And quick as a flash, we turned, and made for that willow bank on the right."

"Just then a scout came flying, all wild with haste and fear; he'd a French cocked hat at his forehead, and bunch of lace at his chin—Tlot . . . tlot . . . tlot . . . had they heard it? Footsteps ringing clear?" "Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the *Giocosco* brow of the hill," "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of Hell." "Then up rose the oysterman and to himself said he, "Is it you, Jack, old boy, oh boy, oh boy, is it really you?" "Have you heard the story that the gossips tell?" "Once upon a raw and gusty day, the troubled Tiber chafing with her shores, Caesar said to me:—"

"This day, O friends and Englishmen, Sons of our common land, this day ye fight for liberty."

Fortissimo

"Woe to thee, Carthage, Woe to thee, proud city of the waters, thou art doomed."

"Loudly then the hills re-echoed with our answer to his call."

"Then out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew a rider, bound on bound, full galloping, nor bridle drew until he reached the mound."

"Then with the slightest flavor of an Irish brogue," he told a story that made the whole crowd laugh.

Adagio

"It may have been contrary to the evidence, but the jury returned the verdict of 'Not Guilty.' " Up I sprang. What words were uttered, needless now to tell." "Speak, brave admiral, 'what shall I say?' Why, say, 'Boot, saddle, to horse and away."

Allegro Vivace

"On, Laertes,—On, Rigel—On, Aldabaran—What, Antares, Dost thou linger now? I hear them singing in the tents," "keeping time, time, time,

in a sort of Runic rime to the tin-tin-na-bu-lation of the Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells." "Four bells," the Captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs. "This subway goes to Quincy, and I wanted Chelsea Square."

Deciso "O captain, my captain," "I have but one more word to say." "Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, I impeach Warren Hastings of High Crimes and misdemeanours." "This is a censurable offense." TAKE A MARK! (FFF) "Smiling, the boy fell dead." "Many a stifled sob was heard." "I am stifling." "Stifle then; when a nation's life's at stake, there's no time to think of men!" "Some, and they were not few, knelt down." "And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang, the vaulted ceilings with loud clamors rang."

"On with the dance, let joy be unrefined, no sleep 'till morn." "But, hark, the heavy sound breaks in once more." "Conscript Fathers, I do not rise to waste the night in words." "Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear." "This I will avow, gentlemen of the jury, if there is a culprit here, it is *not my son*, it is *not myself*," "it is the schooner Hesperus that sailed the wintry sea," "but the little sands of Doona called it home."

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight and all the air a solemn stillness holds; the moon is full and shining clearly," "the stag at eve had drunk his fill," "on tip-toe down the hill, he softly creeps."

"'Tis the soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers," "I will not call him a villain, because that would be unparliamentary."

And now you may ask, "is the Gentleman done, is he completely done?" "Bang—Bang goes the carbines and clash goes the sabres." I ducked my head, two shots rang out. He's not done; he's still alive.

Calando "I have touched the highest point of all my greatness: And from that full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting." "I am dying, Egypt, dying."

Fortississimo "Period, Bell, end of the round, end of the period, TAKE IT AWAY!"

"Lest We Forget"—The author wishes to take this opportunity of expressing his heart-felt thanks for and sincere appreciation of the help of those without whom this little "menenge" would have been infinitely less amusing; videlicet: Mr. Lee J. Dunn, our ever-helpful librarian; Lee B. Harris, for whose use the medley was at first intended; "Al" Heald; our managing editor, Richard L. Odiorne, who seems possessed of an ever-ready and truly delightful sense of humor; and J. Morgan Strachan, on whom the piece was first tried out.

GAYNOR O'GORMAN, JR.

Ye Classe Prophecie

GAYNOR O'GORMAN, JR.

SIDNEY ROSEN

Gather, 'round me closely, seniors;
 Listen to my tale of wonder,
 Listen well, and hear and marvel
 At the sights mine eyes have witnessed.
 How it all began I know not,
 How it happened is a myst'ry,
 But I wakened from my dreaming,
 Wakened from the arms of Morpheus,
 Wakened to the sound of shouting,
 Wakened to the clash of armor.
 As I rubbed my sleep-fogged eye-lids—
 Lo! I stood upon a vessel,
 Ancient—of the Grecian model.
 Bound beside me to the mast-head
 Was my school-time friend, O'Gorman,
 He, of mighty mouth and manner,
 He, once famous, yclept "Iggy."
 Round us bearded men stood silent,
 Spear-points leveled at our breast-bones.
 "Speak to them in Greek," I whispered;
 "Once you took it up at Latin,
 Once I know you got a 50."
 Iggy shook his head in silence.
 "All the Greek I know," he muttered;
 "Alpha, beta, delta, gamma—
 Ah, if I but had my grammar—"
 But I'll skip the minor details,
 Skip the parts that merely bore you,
 Saying, once as Virgil said it:
 "Let us settle down to business."
 Late that day, the sun declining,
 They marooned us on an island,
 Left us nothing, but some water
 And two pair of pink pyjamas.
 While O'Gorman slept (from habit)
 Chin in hand I meditated.
 On the days of yore I pondered,
 Days of yore at Boston Latin,
 Days of zeros, misdemeanors,
 Days of flunks and approbations.
 Suddenly, I heard a trampling
 As of many people running—
 With a kick I waked O'Gorman,
 Bade him listen to the turmoil
 In the forest all around us.
 Then from out the forest round us
 Rushed a multitude of persons,
 Rushed like waters of Niagara,
 Rushed like famous Rats of Hamlin,
 Clamored like the roar of breakers,

Like a mob in frenzied bidding
 At a jewelry store auction.
 There we stood, hemmed in, bewildered
 By the wild array of faces.
 Suddenly I turned to Iggy,
 "Look! Why, look at who approaches;
 Is it not the mighty warrior,
 Glynn, once skilled in ice maneuvers?"
 As I spoke, Glynn came dashing
 With his hockey stick before him;
 Through the howling mob he twisted
 And, with frenzied breathing, whispered,
 Shooting his puck straight through my
 bow legs,
 "Hail, the master bids you welcome."
 Now the shouting had subsided,
 I perceived a tall, robed figure—
 Arm upraised, in pose familiar;
 I had seen those upraised fingers—
 Where, I mused, where had I seen them?—
 Then, like a light—electric, flashing—
 In the physics laboratory—
 Lo! I knew that upright figure,
 Knew that arm raised in commanding—
 Yes!—No!—Yes!! 'Twas McInerney,
 '32's ex-chief and leader!
 Ofttimes in the Class I meetings
 Had he raised those five long digits
 With an air majestic, lofty,
 Raised them high with words of warning
 To the P. G.'s up in heaven,
 Making mirth in loud defiance.
 "Mac!" we shouted both together,
 Ran to greet our old companion;
 All the salutations over,
 All the "How've you been's?" and hand-
 shakes,
 All the "Glad to see you's" finished,
 Once more he raised his royal right hand;
 Bade the clamorers be silent;
 Spoke in loud official manner.
 "Welcome, Classmates, to our country,
 To our small secluded country,
 To the Isle of McInernia!"
 In the silence that succeeded,
 That most grand and awful moment,
 From the edge of the assembly
 Came a low, a fiendish horse-laugh,
 Low it started with a "Haw-Haw!"
 Ending in a shrilling "Hee-Hee!"

"What was that?" I asked in terror.
 "Just Maloney," came the answer;
 "On days, like this, of great occasion,
 He is taken for an airing."
 "But come," continued McInerney;
 "Let us proceed to your lodgings
 At the Grand Hotel de Jiltmore,
 Owned by that well-known person,
 Casanova James E. Mutrie.
 There at your command await you
 Portnoy, Resnick—acting bell-boys."
 Forward started the procession.
 Further onward, by the roadside,
 'Mid the flowers, trees, and bushes,
 Stood a little hut of granite,
 Windows barred and doors of iron.
 As we passed the little prison,
 From its depths a voice came floating—
 Soft and pleading, yet familiar.

"When the blue of the night
 Meets the gold of the day—
 Someone waits—"

"That," we were informed, "is Spinner.
 Though we essayed to dissuade him,
 Though we pleaded, threatened, warned
 him;
 Yet he would not change his notion,
 Said he would become a crooner."
 "Well?" I asked. — He shrugged his
 shoulders.

"Sentenced to be shot at sunrise."
 "Good," I said.—The march proceeded.
 At the Jiltmore we were clothed,
 Washed, and fed with choicest morsels,
 While those two efficient bell-boys,
 Stumbling everywhere about us,
 Fetching pitchers full of aqua.
 At the stroke of two, a knocking
 Roused us from our mid-day slumber.
 There stood Pat, resplendent, smiling,
 In a Swiss sea-captain's armor—
 Though in truth he was a porter—
 Came to warn us all was ready
 For the grand parade of honor
 Down the Main Street of the city.
 So we solemnly descended,
 Iggy weeping heavy tear-drops
 For his long-lost curtain-tassel
 Which once had graced his sloping shoulders—

There before the massive gate-way
 Stood, with chromium-plated tires,
 Stood, with nickel-plated doorknobs,

That which might be called an auto,
 Model B of Lizzy's family—
 Of the vintage 1916.
 And beside the glassless window,
 Stood in chauffeur's leather clothing
 What first seemed to be a dummy;
 But in spite of lengthy mustache,
 But in spite of green sun-glasses,
 I observed that it was Pogatch.
 With a bright new cent I tipped him.
 On the steaming radiator
 Of that ancient battle-wagon
 Poised on one foot, like Apollo,
 Smartly dressed in khaki costume,
 Covered head to foot with medals,
 (Bought in White and Ulman's hockshop
 With their slogan "Hock der Kaiser!")
 Hand upraised in stiff saluting—
 Straight away I knew that soldier;
 But, ere I could speak a sentence—
 "Robinson," said McInerney;
 "Making quite a sum of money
 Posing as a decoration."
 At that moment Iggy poked me,
 Caved my lower rib in, saying—
 "Look there! Seest thou the samest?
 Someone's hair must be on fire!"
 There, amid the upturned faces,
 Standing out from all those faces,
 Gleamed two small ferocious eye-balls,
 'Neath what looked like dirty carrots.
 "That was Torchy Dunn," they told us;
 "He is sticking to his studies—
 Research now, I think in Hist'ry."
 Slowly we proceeded onward,
 Guided by a squad of coppers,
 Mounted on some well-bred horses.
 Josephson I saw, and Kreidberg;
 Ferguson, Rabinovitz, Zakon, too,
 Mounted all on fine black horses.
 "Which," I murmured, "are the horses?"
 Iggy kicked my shin in silence.
 "See," I said to McInerney;
 "See that store with broken windows,
 Boarded up with no one in it?"
 "Yes," said Mac; "'tis but a mem'ry
 Of a valiant try at business.
 Doyle, Gillespie, and FitzGerald
 (Not J. F., I mean the highbrow
 With a large G in the middle)
 Tried to run a haberdashery,
 But went into bankruptcy, since
 Jacobstein, their only salesman,
 Spent his time on Einstein's theory.
 Curves and space instead of neckties;

Now 'tis just a past remembrance.
 Look, don't miss that little shop there;
 There reside our champion bakers—
 Rosen, L. and Rosen, Alfred.—
 Purest buns they manufacture
 With their cry: 'The Bread is Rosen!'
 Lane, you know, our English Purist,
 Points in frenzied desperation,
 Points to Hitchcock's, Tanner's Gram-

mar;
 But they merely laugh and tell him,
 'English, huh? Just look at Raymond's!'
 Which," continued Mac, "reminds me—
 Six of our happy family—
 Two McCarthies and McCurtain,
 With McLellan and McDermott—
 Not, of course, to leave McNeill out—
 All are striving now together,
 Striving for success together,
 With the motto—'It Mac's no difference.'
 See the pun?" he slyly whispered.
 "Rotten!" was our final verdict.
 As we passed a tow'ring building
 With a huge sign board proclaiming,
 "Come out and work out at the Work-

Out!"
 "Work-Out Gym is owned and managed
 By Skeeter Ryan, William Martin."
 From a high and open window
 Bits of paper came a-fluttering,
 Just as if the street were Wall Street.
 One or two fell in my lap; then,
 Curious, I bent to read them:
 "Ryan—1 mark—inattention.
 Ryan—1 plus 2 for talking."
 "Yes," I muttered, "same old Ryan
 Saving up for this occasion."
 Then, inside a little alley,
 I perceived a lonely figure
 Pacing up and down the sidewalk,
 Clad in wig and long, black garments,
 High above the gathering's murmur,
 High above the shouts and cheering,
 Heard I this one single sentence,
 Borne to my ears by the breezes,
 "Lafayette, tonight we conquer!"
 "Who?" I asked my guide beside me,
 "Only Dowd," he softly answered,
 "Once in school, he played as Washington,
 And evermore thereafter,
 He has never quite recovered,
 Like the case of poor Paul Fryer,
 Who is now absorbed in working,
 Making daisy chains of pansies;
 Something snapped inside his grey-cells,

Figuring friction's co-efficient
 Of a feather in a vacuum.
 John F. Roche we made his keeper."
 Shifman, Spelfogel, and Tucker,
 We were told, are in the limelight,
 With their new device invented,
 Patented, and guaranteed to
 Take the curl, from any hair, out.
 "What of Colpoys?" asked Ignatius,
 "Is he on this little island?"
 "No," said Mac; "old Pat's in Paris.
 Gigolo Pat I've heard them call him."
 "What?" I asked; but ere I asked it,
 Something jumped into the auto.
 Two ferocious eyes glared at me
 In a visage scarred, unshaven,
 While a hoarse voice panted at me,
 "I've been gyped! They gyped me! gyped
 me!
 Gyped me! Gyped!"—"Oh! get out, you
 nit wit!"
 Shouted Mac in helpless anger.
 "Benson! Benson! Oh! where is he?
 Get this sap back to the nuthouse—
 Don't be scared," he quelled my horrors.
 "That was only Sall—he's daffy.
 Once, long years ago in German,
 He claimed that he was badly cheated.
 Ninety-nine, I think, they marked him,
 Tho' he should have got a hundred;
 And somehow he was affected.
 Nuts, you know; but pretty harmless,
 Just amusement for the kiddies."
 "Listen, Mac," I asked in wonder,
 "All you seem to have are nit wits.
 Are there not some sane ones also,
 Some who have succeeded nobly,
 Some whose names are taught in Hist'ry,
 Some renowned for fame and fortune?"
 "Yes, of course! Take Banks, for instance.
 You know whom I mean—the Wildcat—"
 "No, you take him," murmured Iggy;
 But his wit was disregarded.
 "I repeat—take Banks, for instance;
 On the lips of all his name is,
 All are searching for him only;
 'Tho I might add—with a shot-gun.
 'Twas in '32 he left us,
 Taking with him, absent-minded,
 All the Register's finances.
 He—you must admit—is famous.
 Freedberg, once his boon companion,
 Sits alone in Greenwich Village,
 Sits inside a garret lofty,
 Drawing pictures for the comics;
 The strip, I think, is named correctly,

Misadventures of Louis Stryzmish.
 Then the busiest men we have here,
 Undertakers of the Island—
 Strachan, Strashun—plush-lined caskets—
 Both in partnership together;
 So the difference would be lessened
 If their names were spelled inversely.
 Also Toyster—you remember
 How his face was on the cover
 Of the Register's first issue—
 Has lived up to the prophetic
 Words once spoken by a teacher.
 Now he keeps an Oyster Palace,
 Wherein Berkowitz and Foran
 Come and gorge themselves each noon-
 time.
 Alec Skolnick, famous chess champ,
 Sits alone in isolation,
 Trying to—without some cheating—
 Beat himself at playing checkers;
 And to withstand this temptation
 (Cheating was the one I mentioned)
 He has stationed near him Simon,
 Whispering 'I am your conscience!'
 Look at Bilodeau and Curley,
 Look at what they have invented;
 Both, in close collaboration—
 Both have edited a pamphlet,
 Wherein are their solutions
 To those famous Miller Problems,
 And this Answer Book is headed
 With Kazerski's famous statement:

'Physics makes the man.—Why not?—
 Look at me!'

Are they not a boon to Mankind?"

Slow, but surely, we had traversed
 Half the lengthy length of Main Street.

On a corner, clad in toga,
 Clad in ancient Roman garment,
 Bald of head and Roman-featured
 "What!" I said, "is that not Marcus
 Cicero—the Roman statesman.
 Cicero—the—" "Don't be foolish!
 Look again—" On close inspection
 My startled eyes discovered Harris.
 There he stood, with pointed finger
 At Segool, who cowered in terror.
 By his side, with slates and stylus,
 Berman and Cheney both translated:
 "Quo usque tandem, Segool,
 Pecuniam nostram quaeres?"

"What a horrible revenge!" I muttered.
 "But," I added, "let me ask you;—
 Though I see these well-known faces,
 Smiling in the throng before us;
 Yet there are some who are missing,
 Some who are upon Life's highway.
 Tell me of their fates and fortunes!"
 "Well," he said, "there's Eddie Martin,
 Teaching in our Public High School.
 There he makes his class of Students—
 Hausman, Hershman, Hershman, Hel-
 fant—

Memorize his so called poetry.
 Now he's got the satisfaction
 Someone knows that he's a poet.
 Then our fat men—Blitz and Altman,
 Delahoyde, of course, included—
 What a shock they gave the gossips
 When they dieted and fasted,
 And in Taitz' Travelling Circus
 They are billed 'The Living Skeletons.'
 In that same fine institution,
 I might add, are Adler, Martin—
 Both as chief assistant tent-poles.
 Cavanagh and Frank and Kelly
 All have formed a flying squadron—
 Scotland Yard their only Rival—
 Gone they are upon their duty,
 Gone upon a quest courageous,
 Gone to find the Mad Reporter,
 Mr. X of Ye Register.
 So far they have found already
 Kaplan, Grey, Levine, and Odiorne;
 Aforesaid are now reposing
 In a cell of our new jail-house,
 Yet they all deny the charges.
 Who, I wonder, is the R. R.?"
 "Er, ahem," said Iggy, blushing;
 "Ideal weather for our marching.
 I—er—tell me—where is Foster?"
 "He, with Ryan, Reines, and Freedman,
 Launched a mighty fleet of tugboats—
 57, all in number,
 56 of which are sinking.
 Foster, on the only good one,
 Stands with that huge drum corps baton,
 Which he purloined once from Cooper,
 Stands, and thinks himself Columbus.
 All the Williams, three in number,
 Run their well-known 'Williams' Joke
 Shop.'
 And they demonstrate each noon-time
 The effects of Itching powder
 On Vidiborsky in the window.
 Greenblatt, co-author with Levin,

Wrote a book in Abyssinian—
 'Questions we have never Questioned.'
 Stoloff is gone, departed,
 To the coast of West Africa,
 Where he's furthering his study
 Of the art of beating bass-drum.
 Norman went with him to practise;
 Everyone agrees he needs it."
 Burke, Gerard, Big Jack, and David
 Are in control of McInernia.
 Their rule is gentle, soft, and lenient—
 Even as in days of yore,
 The days of nineteen hundred thirty-two,
 When the sway of politics, the blush of
 fame—

Each bowed alike to these Burkes' name.
 Gartland, Garner (William Chadwick)
 To the Burkes' Assistants are;
 Pals they always were and ever will be
 While there's life to live and deeds to do!
 Steptoe has gone back to Erin,
 Gone to start a revolution,
 Promising before he left us
 If he won, he would abolish
 All the Institutes of Learning
 Wherein Math and Greek are courses.
 Gardner went with Hurley travelling—
 Through that Grecian Sea—Aegean;
 Nevermore we heard about them,
 Although rumors have come homeward
 From the Grecian fishers' daughters
 The Sirens are no longer lonesome.
 The Shapiros own a grocery,
 And the senior member—Robert—
 Stands beside the open doorway,
 All the customers enticing
 With his rich soprano gurgle.
 Freddie Moore, in competition,
 Tried to open up a fruit store;
 But Shapiro's plaintive calling
 Captured all the female business,
 Putting Fred right out of business.
 Twohig, Wenners, and the Sullivans
 Are our champion fire-fighters,
 Having practiced once at Latin
 Smashing up the old desk-covers.
 Hondru, Morton, Kaufman, Foley,
 Goodoff, Hoffman, Porter, Sherman
 Tried to form a symphonical
 Orchestra, and all last winter

Just one quarter note they practiced.
 But, alas, before the concert,
 Just before the first grand concert,
 They found Horne, the drummer, missing
 And, ere they could find him,—heavens!
 Alas! The bank foreclosed the note!!!
 And the Gordons, all together,
 Have been caught and pinched by Quig-
 ley,

Our prohibition agent,
 For the sale—illegal—of some.
 Gordon Gin—a well-known liqueur.
 Which they claimed to be a hair tonic."
 "Where," I asked, "are Peltz and Wax-
 man?"

"Sh! don't talk so loud," Mac whispered.
 "To speak their names is here forbidden;
 On pain of death, you speak not of them.
 The traitors! Both have gone and left us,
 Both have left and gone to Purdue,
 Both have given up their classmates
 For the Western farmers' daughters!
 Hall, Karklin, Kaufman, Kenney
 Gone in like manner to Milwaukee
 With their old friends Shea and Sweeney.
 Scannell, Frank, and Kelley, Francis—
 All combined in one big levy—
 Selling freshest eggs and butter!"
 Then beside me, Iggy shouted
 As the auto speeded forward.
 "Help! Help! Pogatch has gone crazy!
 Where's he goin'?—Wow, look out—"
 With a crash, I fell unconscious.
 Dazed, I felt somebody poke me;
 Looking up, I saw 'twas Russo—
 "Hey, he called you! Hey!" he whispered.
 "Come now, Rosen, what's the answer?"
 "Er," I gasped, "the induced current
 Caused by coils and electromagnet—"
 "Very fine," the master answered.
 "But it happens we were talking
 Of the British Thermal Unit,
 Whereas you, in bless'd oblivion,
 Have been hereto unattentive,
 Whereas in the same procedure
 I shall mark—" his voice droned onward.
 Long it buzzed and soft and slowly,
 As I settled back to dreaming,
 Settled to the arms of Morpheus.

Class Will

We can feel it coming. Somewhere, deep within our mutilated souls, it is stirring, waking—the consciousness of the approaching end! *It is coming.* We know it! The Fates have clipped the thread! *The end is near!*

Sensing so surely our approaching doom, we, the class of 1932, do ordain and establish this the following, to be our last will and testament. In utmost good faith we warn such congenital idiots as may be disposed to take us seriously that this testament is open to contest and entirely illegal, as there is no competent doctor who would pronounce us “mens sana in corpore sano” after twelve years in the Latin School. As to all other conditions attendant upon the making of a legal will, they have been most scrupulously neglected. It is with due regard for the aforementioned provisions that we continue.

I. To Class II, poor unfortunate violets, we bequeath an extra flight of stairs, the respect in which seniors are universally held, some slightly used cough drops to be sucked after drill periods only, Mr. Winslow, and Gaynor O’Gorman, Jr. Together with these we convey to them our sincerest hopes that they will do nothing we have not done, and our best wishes for a happy little gambolin that jig-saw puzzle that is Class I’s especial privilege—the Grand Kingfish of the Sciences, Physics.

II. To Class III we leave a sympathetic sigh. You’re too deep in now to get out, so you had might as well stick. We grant you also the privilege of repeating Class III Greek, and such sundry corporalcies in the school army as your big brothers do not snitch first.

III. To Class IV we leave, scrawled upon the backs of our diplomas, certificates signifying that they have completed their preparatory course in feeble-mindedness at the High School of Commerce and are now entitled to permanent residence in the Asylum proper. You may also have Mr. F. C. Cleary’s used candy wrappers, and the pleasure of gawking at the daily freak show and circus in the Sanctum.

IV. To Class V we leave our shocked horror at their sophistication and hope they all don’t turn out to be like us. We remind them again of the many advantages which English High School offers. *Get out while the getting’s good!*

V. To Class VI we leave a set of Dolly Dimple stories and a collection of goat-carts in which they may carry themselves and their books. We want to take this opportunity to tell them how cute they are, and ask why on earth they can’t make VIth Classmen with bass voices for use in the Public Decs.

VI. To the Faculty, we leave a summer’s rest and material enough for two years of night-mares. Also, several copies of the song “Please Don’t Talk About Me When I’m Gone,” and a treatise on “The Care and Feeding of Babies.” We also establish for their benefit a regulation prohibiting the use of regulations in regulating the conduct of the school, and a solemn promise that we shall do our utmost to put a bill through Congress forcing masters to take College Entrance Examinations. Of course, we leave our love.

VII. The following individual bequests are made. Just try to collect!

If anyone should want them, Addelson leaves his face and his rare ability to sing declamations.

Altman leaves a pair of silken knee breeches, fitting snugly (very) at the waist, his sword, and a vocabulary limited to “Yes, General,” and “No, General.”

Aronson leaves a special-sized desk cover to be used as a screen for the illicit consumption of lunches.

Balchauskas leaves a vocabulary of elegant parlor Yiddish picked up at random from Banks.

Benson leaves his finger prints all over the piano, together with a faint tinkling of bad Chopin and worse Schumann.

Berkowitz leaves a big fat cigar, a derby hat, and the heterogeneous collection of ten-year-old children he calls his gang.

Berman leaves, still talking.

Bilodeau leaves his sinus trouble to the E. H. S. football team.

Blitz leaves his ice-chest and a bottle of buttermilk.

Bourne and Bratt leave two vacant seats at the Orpheum.

"Big Jack" Burke leaves his infectious grin, his *wise-crack*, and oh, dozens of phone numbers!

Cavanaugh leaves his voice to Bing Crosby.

Pat Colpoys leaves his horse-laugh to the German department.

Curley leaves the last two verses of the "Shooting of Dan McGrew" to be framed in toothpaste, cyanide, and a big bass silence.

Daley leaves a surprising vocabulary for such a harmless fellow.

Delahoyde leaves an Army mule to carry the front end of the big bass drum.

Dowd leaves an aroma of Mt. Vernon and white gloves. Yas, suh!

Drew leaves that flute-like voice and a sweet scent of violets.

Jim Foley leaves a soft downy pillow for use in Room 300.

"Barnacle Bill" Foster leaves several paper boats and a bath tub in which to sell them. He also leaves a sour-smelling pair of boots.

Freni leaves noise—I beg your pardon—his band.

Glynn leaves his dress suit (\$22.50 at all Howard stores), his skates, his vice-presidency, and a bored look.

Stanley "Bonk" Gordon leaves the country's fullest, finest, most luscious razzberry.

Gray leaves. (Pause)

Hall leaves the thermometer in 303 to the highest bidder.

Lee Baruch Harris leaves his middle name to be cursed gutturally.

Harry Hershman leaves his hair. Don't worry, Harry, nobody will take it.

Hoye leaves anything a gorilla and a ten-ton truck can't carry.

Hurley leaves the secretary's report that he wrote for the Literary Club—once.

Kaplan leaves one with a pain in the fourth dimension.

Kelly, Kelly, Kelly, Kutzer, Kutzer, the three Martins and Morton leave their teachers badly mixed.

Moore leaves a figure like Achilles' and a head like that on the *bust* of Socrates.

Mutrie leaves a thesis on "The Art of Looking Sour Without Being Offensive".

Norman leaves a walk that is the envy of many a giraffe.

Odiorne and J. J. Sullivan leave both their faces to Frankenstein for use in his next picture.

G. O'G., Jr. leaves a nice black curtain tassel to the adjutant succeeding him in office.

Pogatch leaves. Mr. Gardiner is still looking for him.

Portnoy leaves a large and unenthusiastic audience.

Radlo leaves to enter the Mass. Institute of Tonsorial Arts. More grease, boy!

Sidney Rosen leaves with curses—he says he's had his fill. None will accept his verses. And no one ever will.

Segool leaves the school with just enough borrowed change to ride to the poor house.

R. Shapiro leaves a right shoe, practically new.

Oscar Spinner leaves and takes his voice along with him. Thank heaven!

Stephoe leaves his jaw, drops his responsibility, and runs for the door.

Strachan, being Scotch, merely leaves.

Strymish leaves for M. I. T. Poor little college!

Twohig leaves a badly thumbled Homer and a puzzled look.

Waxman leaves for Purdue. 'Nuf sed!

White leaves a wire brush for use on his customary seven days' beard.

Freedberg and Banks, Inc., leave a volume entitled "Political Science for Use in Schools," or "The Rover Boys in Business."

MacInerney leaves the record of a successful administration. Watch out, Mr. Hoover!

So, we have concluded the disposition of the property and malice of the Class of 1932. Suits against the class for defamation of character may be filed with the undersigned, who take refuge in the happy thought that they will soon be beyond the reach of earthly trials and tribulations.

We have given no quarter, and we expect none.

Given at our hand this 15th day of April, in the year of our Lord the nineteen hundred and thirty-second, of the Latin School, the two hundred ninety-seventh, of purgatory the sixth, of hope the first, in accordance with chap. 9, sec. 367, sub. 202b of the Latin School Rules and Regulations, at Boston in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in the United States of America.

We hope you like it!!

(Signed)

SYDNEY J. FREEDBERG

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Class of 1932.



Football Squad

Football 1931-'32

LEE HARRIS, *Manager*

As deeply as we have delved into the annals of Latin School football history, we have been unable to find any mention of a team that was as successful in the City League as this year's. Not only did they down English, not only were they League Champions; but they scored each victory by the *shut-out* route, while amassing *seventy-nine* points for themselves.

Starting the year with one of the most able groups of individuals ever under his supervision, Coach FitzGerald gradually whipped them into a team that functioned like a well-oiled machine. After invaluable experience derived from being defeated by the private schools on the schedule: Groton, 12-0; Boston College High, 10-0; and Middlesex, 13-0, the team developed a brand of unusually smart football.

Commerce provided the first taste of victory, when she fell victim to the Bouchie-Bilodeau combination by the score of 15-0. Brighton was next, but how near she came to spoiling a clean record, only the members of the team will remember. Wretched field conditions and the inability of the fellows to "get going" were compensated only by the coolness of "Tom" Bilodeau, who scored a field goal, thus making the lone score of the game.

Trade was snowed under by an avalanche of 31-0, which event was followed by the team's taking a supposedly strong Dorchester team into camp on Armistice Day to the tune of 12-0. Mechanics came next, tramping along to the same tune and appropriately setting the stage for a typical Latin-English fray.

Casting aside all precedent, according to which they should lose, for English was the underdog, Latin outplayed, outguessed, and outsmarted her rival in a thrilling game, which ended 6-0.

It is with sorrow that we behold the departure of those who have carried the Purple to such a notable and enviable position among high school teams. What will the schoolboy sports editor of the future have to write about now that Capt. "Fuzza" FitzGerald, "Tom" Bilodeau, and "Artie" Saklad have gone? No longer can we rave about the red twins, "Torchy" Dunn and "Red" Larkin. The stalwart "Chris" Hondru, handsome Paul Brabazon, and sheekish "Freddie" Moore will have departed for institutions of higher learning. The silent, gloomy Feeney and talkative John Hoyer have stemmed those threatening, hostile attacks of our "dearest enemy" for the last time. "Speed" Glynn, earnest "Dick" Morton, and affable "Tubba" Curley have disappeared forever from the line.

But there is no need of a lengthy post mortem, for look at those who have stayed or have been left behind.

Bulky Captain-Elect "Dave" Gavin, and his "Pythias" Sanford, will be back to arouse your enthusiasm by their defensive and offensive work. John Hoyer's kid brother, with the chatter he inherited from his kinsman, will goad Sheehan and Bouchie into a fighting frenzy; "Specs" Kelly, the idol of the younger boys, will cavort on the gridiron once more, if his injured right arm will permit; "Blondie" Chapman, "Slop" Dowd, and "Brightie" Benson will contribute their share. Nor will reliable, capable Brassil, bespectacled George Mahoney, "Pewee" Donovan, "Swede" Larson and brother, fail in time of need.

We could go on forever, because without a doubt there will probably be a hundred boys reporting next fall of which at least half appeared last autumn. The outlook for next season is, therefore, exceptionally bright and with the example of their predecessors to emulate, the boys should have another outstanding year.



Hockey — 1931 '32

LEE HARRIS, *Sports Editor*

We are sure that very few Latin School Sextets have ever played through such a dazzling, yet disappointing, season as the team of '32. If games were awarded on the basis of grit and effort, this year's hockey group would be long remembered; but, as is the fate of all Latin teams which are defeated, only that defeat will be recalled by those who played and those who applauded.

At the beginning of the season, Latin School was not conceded a chance. The trouncing of Jamaica, last year's champions, 2-1, was passed off as a "break". Even when the strong aggregations of B. C. High and Commerce "bit the dust" by the scores of 2-0 and 1-0 respectively, people were still unconvinced. However, when Mechanics and Dorchester both succumbed by 3-2, everybody boarded the Latin bandwagon. Going into the English game the favorite, we lost a heart-breaking decision in the last few seconds of play, when, amidst wild excitement, the puck trickled into our net for the only score.

Capt. Leo Glynn, always a steadying influence, ably led the group. Bilodeau and Moore played with him in the forward line. A second forward line (and there was little to choose between the two groups) was composed of Carroll, Steptoe, and Roche. The defense was nothing less than sensational: Ryan, Putnam, and Mahoney were an impenetrable triumvirate.

The letter-men graduating are Capt. Leo Glynn, Bilodeau, Moore, Steptoe, Roche, Burke, and Manager Delahoyde. Returning next year are Captain-Elect Mahoney, Ryan, Putnam, and O'Brien. To these stalwarts we leave the slogan: "Get English", and be sure you make a good job of it.



Track — 1931 '32

LEE HARRIS, *Sports Editor*

Contrary to the example set by other Latin teams which have been making records this year, the track team stumbled badly. Suffice it to say that we have never yet tasted the sweetness of a victory over English in this sport, and never before were we much farther removed from reaching this objective.

It really makes our blood boil when we think why we make such a poor showing on the boards. A few fellows with courage and determination come out and do their best all season, while others who are always complaining that they never get a "break" keep religiously away from this semblance of work. There may be a few natural football and baseball players, but we firmly believe that anyone who wants an "L" hard enough can get one in track, where results depend for the most part on the individual's willingness to work hard.

Three meets and the "Reggies" comprised the track schedule for the season. Our best efforts produced a second to Mechanics, with Commerce trailing, a third to Trade and Dorchester, and a rout by the English High forces.

Prominent tracksters were: Ferguson, '32; Martin, '32; Resnick, '32; Keller, '32; McGrath, '32; Hershman, '32; Hoye, '32; Raines, '32; Kreidburg, '32; Falk, '32; Laus, '33; Leary, '33; Grover, '33; Lawlor, '33; Muldoon, '34; Thompson, '34; David, '35; Muldoon, '35; and Bennett, '35.

What to hope for next year is hard to say. It depends on you, each one of you, individually. Make up your minds that you want a letter and then get ready to pay the price. The price is: (1) Walk as much as possible. (2) Get plenty of sleep. (3) Practice your specialty. (4) Study intensively at the beginning of the year. (5) Develop a fighting heart.



Baseball Squad

CITY CHAMPIONS, 1932

Baseball — 1932

LEE HARRIS, *Manager*

This year proved to be no different from other years, at least in one respect, for the usual number of hopefuls and veterans turned out in answer to the coach's call at the beginning of the season which was to prove so triumphantly successful. But, as is not usually the case, even though the newcomers knew that most of the positions could be most ably filled by the veterans available, they remained with the team all season. Some of them, by dint of perseverance and sheer grit, displaced letter men and usurped their places in the lineup. Those who were not so fortunate gained valuable experience and gave the coach a chance to plan for next year. But that is enough for generalization, now to the team itself.

By defeating English on Saturday, June 4, by the score 3-2, the Latin School baseball squad brought to a fitting climax a record-breaking year in sports. Never before have our student body and alumni had more reason to feel justly proud of the results procured and of the boys who, for the past two and three years, have formed the nucleus of Purple and White athletic teams. Their years of training and work have brought merited glory to themselves and their school.

It would be futile to attempt to summarize the fourteen-game schedule, of which only two games were lost, or to describe the ability and prowess of the boys individually. There was no such thing as a weak department—each and every player was outstanding.

The record follows: Trade, 4-15; Brookline, 0-12; Norwood, 3-5; Milton Academy, 2-7; Brockton, 8-9; B. C. High, 1-9; B. C. Fresh, 3-2; Mechanics, 5-7; Jamaica Plain, 4-12; Dorchester, 1-4; Harvard Secs., 10-13; Lawrence Academy, 10-3; Commerce, 4-8; English, 2-3.

Those who were fortunate enough to win a major "L" in face of the stiff competition were Capt. Kelley, '32; Bilodeau, '32; Capt.-Elect Bouchie, '32; Brabazon, '32; Carroll, '33; Connolly, '32; Davis, '33; Mahoney, '33; McLoughlin, '34; Ryan, '33; Sharkey, '32; Sheehan, '33; Sieve, '34; and Simon, '33.

However, this does not mean the end, as the years of graduation show. We have not reached a peak, but rather a higher rung on the ladder, with even better things to come. Go to it, '33!

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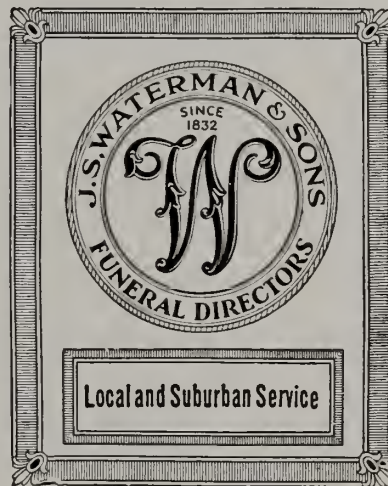
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